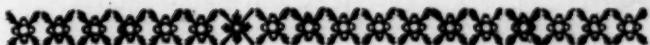


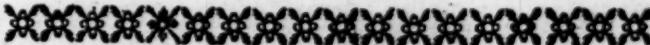
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Sarah



THE
AMOROUS FRIARS:
OR, THE
Intrigues of a CONVENT.



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of the

Amorous Affairs

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Amorous Affairs

THE
AMOROUS FRIARS:
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OR, THE

INTRIGUES of a CONVENT.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. FLEMING, opposite
Norfolk-Street in the Strand.

M D C C L I X.

THE
AMORCUS FRIARS:

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Marriage of a Count.



INDOM:

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THE
HISTORY
OF
DONNA MIRANDA SOLIS.

I HAD not been at *Cadiz* above a Couple of Days, when I saw two young Strangers enter my Inn. There was somewhat about them so particularly engaging, that I could not help being immediately prepossessed in their Favour; and that Prepossession, forced me to take every Means possible to introduce myself to their Acquaintance. But tho' they returned my Overtures with the utmost Politeness, I found what I sought for was impracticable; for

B they

they were to leave Town the next Day, and for that Night had ordered to eat alone.

Mortified as I was at this Disappointment, I retired after Supper immediately to my own Apartment, which I observed to be separated from theirs only by a slight Partition. They talked pretty loud, and perhaps I was more attentive than I ought to have been ; but guess my Astonishment, when, after listening to their Discourse for a few Minutes, I began not to wonder at certain Emotions I had felt at the first Sight of them, and which I had been before at a Loss to account for : In short, those two so seemingly graceful Cavaliers, proved in reality to be two very beautiful young Women.

Alas, my dear *Dorothea* ! cried one of them with a Sigh, the Time which I have so long both dreaded, and wished for, is at length arrived ;

I shall now appear before my Friends, before my Father, if Grief for my inconsiderate Conduct has not yet put a Perod to his Days. Oh Heavens ! how shall I support that awful Trial ? Must I not sink under the Weight of their Reproaches ? For can I flatter myself that they will have the Goodness to receive me with Pardon ?

Indeed, *replied the other*, my dear *Miranda*, you look at your own Actions in a Light too rigid, and desperate ; but if they were really as culpable as you would make People think them, the Joy of seeing you return in Safety, would no doubt obliterate every Sentiment of Anger from the Breasts of your Family. Your greatest Fault has been Love, which was ever accounted venial ; and a Love too the most pure and chaste : 'Tis true, by following the Flame, you have been led through many thorny, and in-

tricate Ways, but still you have gone on without stumbling; besides, it will be more properly my Part, to make them a Relation of your most extraordinary Adventures; and let me alone to set the Zeal you have shewn for your Religion, and the Sacrifices you have made to your Chastity, in their true Colours.

A Domestick coming in prevented me from hearing any more; and I prepared to go to Bed with the utmost Dissatisfaction, knowing that their Departure the next Morning, would prevent me from making any farther Progress in the Knowledge of an Affair, which I had the most sanguine Curiosity to be acquainted with. When an Accident brought about what I dispaire of doing myself, and in a very short Time made me the Confidant of their most Bosom Secrets.

The principal of those Female Adventures, for whom I already began to feel the most tender Compassion, was seized in the Night with a violent Fever, so violent, that for several Days she remained delirious ; in those Circumstances you may easily imagine it was impossible to keep her Sex long a Secret, which indeed soon became publick to the whole House, though every one was ignorant why she had strove to conceal it.

For my own Part I never failed to make constant Inquiries after her Health ; led thereto, as well by the Desire which I had of paying the Way to a future Intimacy, as by my own natural Disposition, which always rendered me solicitous for the Distressed.

Her Friend, who still retained her Man's Habit, and passed for this

fick Lady's Brother, was the Person, to whom I chose to address myself; and was still received with such an affable Complaisance, that, on the Patient's Amendment, I could not help signifying the Pleasure I should take in being permitted to the Honour of a Visit; at the same Time giving her to understand, that in Spite of that masculine Drapery, I knew well enough that she and I were not formed alike below the Girdle; and then I told her the Means by which I happened to learn it.

At first she seemed a little staggered; but soon recollecting herself, Then Sir, says she, since you have made the Discovery, I hope you will have Honour enough to let it go no further; I assured her it should not, and reiterating my Request to be admitted to her Friend.— She promised to use her Interest in my Behalf, but could not forbear letting me know, that she saw how far Curiosity

riosity had a Share in my Concern ; however, added she, if I can procure your Admittance I dare Swear she will not refuse the recital of Adventures, which I venture to Promise will Surprise you.

She was as good as her Word, and the next Day told me that after Supper we should enjoy the wished for Conference ; accordingly at the Hour appointed, she Conducted me to the sick Chamber, where after the usual Compliments upon those Occasions, the Lady began to speak to me in the following Manner :

I find by my Companion, Sir, that through some Words which you accidentally heard pass between us, the Evening of our Arrival at this Place, you are let into the Secret of our real Characters ; she also informed me, of the Gentleman-like Assurance, which you have given her to keep that Matter still concealed.

I renewed my Promise, and she went on. I also find, Sir, said she, that you have picked up some Hints which I then let fall, relative to my disastrous Fortune; and that you are anxious to hear a more ample Detail of them: Alas! it will but shock your compassionate Nature; my Life having hitherto consisted, (and I see no Probability of a future Reverse) of such a Series of calamitous Incidents, partly thro' my own Fault, and partly thro' the Dispensations of Providence, to which I shall always bend with the lowest Submission, as no poor Creature, besides myself, perhaps ever experienced.

I beseeched her to wipe away the Tears, which now flowed from her Eyes in great Abundance; she did so; and after a short Silence, resumed the Discourse, as near as I can remember in these Words.

My

My Name is *Miranda Solis*, and I am sprung from a Family, which is a Branch of one of the most ancient Stocks about Seville. My Youth was brought up in all that Delicacy, usual among People of the first Rank ; but the best of Mothers made it her chief Care to graft into me such Principles, as might tend rather to make me a good Woman, than a fine Lady. Thus I passed my Time in my Father's Houle, happy, and undisturbed ; unthought of by the World, I thought not of it ; but the Time shortly came, when I was to make my Appearance in that tumultuary Assembly, and tho' it was but a short one, I may justly say, to that Appearance I owe my Ruin.

My Mother began to take me abroad with her, and among other Visits, we frequently made one to a particular Friend of her's : This La-

dy had a Son, that had for some Years been in the Army, and was now on his Return home ; he was almost the constant Topick of our Conversation ; and his Friends passed such Encomiums upon him, that I began insensibly to sympathize in the general Impatience to see him ; in short, on a strict Retrospection, I have since found, that I was half in Love with the Copy, before I beheld the Original.

But at length Don *Ferdinand* arrived. O Heavens ! Shall I ever forget the Perturbation of my Spirits at our first Interview ; in Spite of all my Efforts I could not conceal it ; like a pent up Fire, when I deny'd it a Passage at my Lips, it broke out at my Eyes ; and I imagined I could perceive an equal Ardor in those of the dear Inflamer.

But if I was charmed with his Figure, his Conversation compleated the

the Conquest ; so gentle, and at the same Time so manly ; so free, and at the same Time so respectful, methought I could have listened to him for ever ; and that the Moment we parted I ceased to live ; at least, but a breathing Statue, till the Presence of my beloved revived me. My Mother and I continued our Visits, and I was blessed in the Consideration, that by so doing, I should still enjoy my ultimate Desire, when a fatal Cloud intercepted this momentary Sunshine, and plunged me at once in the blackest Despair.

My Mother was taken off by an Apoplexy, at a Time too when she never appeared in a more confirmed State of Health ; as a Daughter, I felt all the Grief at her Death, that a Daughter is capable of feeling for the Loss of a Parent ; but as a Lover, I was distracted for the Loss of my ador'd *Ferdinand*, with whom I

thought all farther Communication must now be at an End.

However, tho' I was debarred from the Sight of the Man I doated on, his Sisters, upon this melancholly Occasion, were the first who came to wait on me with their Condolence; they also brought me Compliments from their Brother, but delivered them in a Manner so tender, and pathetic, as left me no Room to doubt, that he had given them particular Directions to let me see how much he was interested in all my Concerns.

A Letter, which he soon after found Means to convey to me, confirmed me in this Supposition; for then he breathed the most rapturous Passion; and concluded with entreating a private Interview; I believe I need not tell you that I was well enoug^h inclined to comply with his Request; but alass, on my Mother's

De-

Decease, my Father had taken into the House an old Duenna, who watched me with such a vigilant Severity, that it was morally impracticable : This I let him know. When Love, who gave Birth to his Desires, prompted the Methods to satisfy them ; he soon found out the weak Side of my good Governess, whom he sollicited with a Purse of Gold, and that so effectually, that in a short Time after, in the Dead of Night, when I as much expected to see an Apparition, I beheld him at my Feet in the most extatic Raptures.

He seemed the Priest of Love, and to deliver Oracles warm from God ; or rather, he looked like the God himself, at least, such I thought him, and for six Months that we enjoyed this Intercourse uninterrupted, I never knew a Moment's Pain, but when he was absent from me, in languishing to see him again.

But

But what rendered himself still dearer to me was, that tho' the Violence of his Passion was apparent, and I seldom attempted to hide mine from him ; yet he never suffered it to get a Step beyond the Bounds of Honour ; he often indeed hinted at making Proposals to my Father, but I still talked of Decency, and the Forms to be preserved during my Mother's Mourning ; however, Love, which disdains to be fettered by slavish Custom, at last broke thro' them all, and Don *Ferdinand* sent a Deputation of his Friends to demand me in Marriage.

Oh ! cursed Avarice, which rejects every Thing, however, good and noble in itself, unmixed with the Object of its Idolatry. Tho' *Ferdinand* was of a Family every Way equal to my own, he was not so well accommodated with the Gifts of

of Fortune.—My Father knew this.—And considering me only in the Light of a Commodity, to which his Estate must be indispensably annexed, he was determined to give me to the highest Bidder, and consequently refused Don *Ferdinand's* Proposal with Disdain.

This Circumstance too was attended with another no less disagreeable ; the Fame of my little Stock of Beauty, had gained me a new Admirer, Don *Sancho de Menezes*, and poor *Ferdinand* had the more Reason to dread him as a Rival, he having added to an illustrious Birth, an Income of above ten thousand Pistoles a Year ; which made it certain, that, on the least Motion to my Father, he would leap at such a Son-in-Law.

But, it seems, he thought it more *en Cavalier*, to talk to me first ; and a thousand Stratagems he made use of

of to address me in Person, but I still avoided giving him an Opportunity; at length, he began to solicit my Governess, and truly she was very willing to grant him all in her Power, but I continuing obstinate, he swore that there was some more happy Man, whom he would make a Sacrifice to his rejected Passion.

Now whether the old Duenna gave him any Intimation, I cannot pretend to say; but certain it is, that he got an Inkling of *Ferdinand's* nocturnal Visits, and way-laid him one Night. When my dear unsuspecting Lover coming according to Custom, was suddenly assaulted in the Street, by *Don Sancho*, at the Head of three Ruffians.

I heard the Noise from my Chamber, and having a Sort of ill-boding Heart, I looked out of the Window; but good Heavens, how was I shocked, when I beheld the Idol of
my

Soul, with his Back to the Wall, defending himself against four Assassins ; he was just then joined by his Valet de Chambre, whom he always left at the Corner of the Street, upon which, the three horid Murderers ran away ; but Don *Sancho* still keeping his Ground, I saw them make over to our Porch ; upon which I screamed violently, and my Governess coming up to me, unable to support it any longer, I fainted in her Arms.

She seconded my Alarms ; and my Father was unfortunately the first Person, who run to our Assistance ; I say unfortunately, for he too soon was advertized of the Cause of my Swooning.

Don *Sancho*, who was grievously wounded, and now lay groaning at the Steps of the Door, as soon as I was recovered, called my Father's Attention that Way.

The

The Servants went out, and immediately returned, bearing him among them ; and while one was dispatched for a Surgeon to survey the Wound, my Father try'd to bring him to himself, by the Help of some Cordials, which he poured down his Throat ; and now came the Thunderbolt, what was doomed to strike me down ; Don *Sancho*, inspirited by the vivifying Drops, as soon as he knew with whom, and where he was, began to lay open the whole Cause of the late Bustle ; he told my Father, that he had long been a Suitor of mine ; and, in short, of the Amour between Don *Ferdinand* and me.

To describe my Father's Rage is impossible, the first Fruits of which was experienced by the Duenna, whom he directly turned out of Doors ; justly conjecturing, that such a Negotiation could not have been carried on under

under his Roof, without her Connivance ; I was the next Object of his Resentment, he storm'd like a Fury, called me a thousand opprobrious Names ; and, in fine, locked me up, to consider on what had happened at Leisure.

Don *Ferdinand* I percieved had made his Escape, but I neither knew to what Place, nor whither dangerously wounded ; I was like a mad Woman, and so continued for a considerable Space ; when my Miseries were screwed up to the highest Pitch : Don *Sancho* was now got abroad again, and the first Visit he made, was to my Father, to acquaint him, that what had happened, was not capable of altering his Resolution, and that, if he thought proper, he was still desirous of a Union with me.

Nor did my Father leave any Means untry'd, to break me to his Yoke ;

Yoke ; he flattered, threatened, promised me his whole Estate, swore he would turn me out as an Alien from his Blood ; but all to no Purpose, I remained inflexible, and plainly told him, that I would rather follow *Ferdinand* with a Knap-sack, than have a Throne with him to whom he wanted to join me.

An Answer so peremptory, enraged him beyond all Bounds ; and he told me to prepare for a Monastery the next Morning ; which I did with great Pleasure, as submitting to the milder Fate ; I wanted nothing but to inform *Don Ferdinand* of the Choice I had made, rather than violate my Faith to him. I had a few Days before heard, that he was seen about Town ; and then, by Dint of a Bribe, prevailed upon a Negro Boy to give him a Line, which only contained a Direction to the Convent I was to enter, and an

an Entreaty to see him there as soon as possible.

According to this Determination, the very next Morning, at six o'Clock, I set out for the Convent of —, about eight Leagues from *Seville*, where strict Orders were given, that I should be suffered to see nobody: However, What Difficulties are unsurmountable to a Mind determined? I had not been there a Week, before I was happy in the Society of him, who to me was all the World: Oh! would to Heaven that his Charms had been less attractive, or my Soul more insensible.

The Society of which I was become a Member, was governed by Friars, whose Convent was distant about a Gun-shot from the Abbey; here *Ferdinand* betook himself, and grew so intimate with one of the reverend Brethren, that he prevailed on him to take his Case into Consideration:

deration: The Case of a Lover, anxious to see his Mistress, and thro' his Means, in Spite of my Father's Mandate, he had Egress and Regress to and from me, as often as he would.

I must own, that such an Instance of Complaisance in a holy Brother and Sisterhood surprized me; but I was soon after convinced, that the Habit of a Nun and Friar, are but like Charity, a Cover for a Multitude of Sins. That they are themselves a Pack of Wolves in Sheeps Cloathing; who, however meekly they carry it to the Eye of the World, are in their own dark Cells so many ravenous Beasts of Prey, a Herd of Cannibals, who feed upon one another, in the most licentious and shameful Manner; considering nothing but their brutal Appetites, and the readiest Way to satisfy them.

The

The Friars were constantly among us, and you might easily observe that their Assiduity about the young Nuns, had more in it than meer Devotion. In fine, they generally were acquainted with their female Penitents Confession before she made it ; and charitably gave her Absolution for those Sins, which they helped her to commit.

Indeed it was plain, that the Flesh had a greater Share than the Spirit, in the Works of this Convent ; which seemed to me a Temple dedicated to *Cupid* ; and I let Don *Ferdinand* into the Discovery I had made, but he seemed much better acquainted with their Manners, even than I myself ; and I was not a little surprized when he spoke to me in the following Strain.

My dear *Miranda*, I love you of all Woman kind, but you see your
Fa-

Father's unreasonable Prejudice is such, that he will never consent to our coming together ; and you may be sure, that if on his second Trial of your Inclinations, in regard to your Marriage with Don *Sancho*, he still finds you obstinate, that he will insist upon your taking the Veil. I hope not so, answered I ; And why not so, replied he, my Angel ? Where is there a Retreat in the World, that will afford us such a Liberty of conversing together, as this ? Do you not see that Love revels here in his most unbounded Riots ? Do you then take the Habit of a Devotee, as I will of a Cordelier, Restraint from the very Moment will cease betwixt us ; the Nature of my Function will permit me to be with you ; as often, and as long as I please, and I shall esteem the World well given up, for the constant Enjoyment of your dearer Conversation.

This

This Discourse of yours, replied I, seems something serious. Seems so! returned he, you may be assured that it is really so; and I presume your Sentiments would not differ from mine, if you, like me, had reflected on the Advantages of the Plan which I propose. Promise me but to consider of it, and I dare answer that you cannot but approve of it. I consent to it with all my Heart, replied I, and you may shortly expect the Result of my Reflection.

Two Months however elapsed, before I could resolve what Course to take; perhaps I should even have remained longer undetermined, if my cruel Father, in order to revenge himself of my Opposition to his Will, had not made Choice of another Husband for me, who, in order to keep me at a Distance from the Family-seat, had found Means to enrage him so much against me, that

he threatened me with the most cruel Treatment, if I did not resolve to give my Hand to Don *Sancho*, or immediately to take a Veil. I told him that tho' I had no Inclination for a Cloister, I should have much less Objection to be confined in one, than to be united for Life to a Man whom I could not love. And that he might not have the least Doubt of the Sincerity of my Intention, I went a few Days after to the Lady Abbess, to acquaint her with my Design of becoming a Nun.

She congratulated me and herself on the prudent Choice I had made; and that my Fervour might not have Time to abate, she promised me to abridge the usual Probation previous to the taking the Habit. I was actually incorporated in a few Months after. About the same time Don *Ferdinand* took the Habit of a Cordelier. We both of us passed the Time of our Probation, without being

ing indulged with the Pleasure of an Interview. By frequent Letters which passed between us, we endeavoured to alleviate the Torments of Absence; but these Torments were to last but a Year; for my Lover had been promised, that when his Term of Probation should expire, he should be at Liberty to make Choice of a Convent.

He was no sooner engaged in this Vocation, by the solemn Vows that it required, than in Compliance thereto he came to the Convent at a very little Distance from ours. His Superiors could not refuse him this Favour. A Letter which he sent me acquainted me with the Day of his Arrival: I expected it with the utmost Ardor of Impatience. Nor was I long in this Situation; for, led on by his Passion, he came with such Speed, that he had almost overtaken his Letter. Word was brought me that he was come. Love lent me

Wings to fly into the Parlour, where he was waiting to receive me in his Arms. Ask me not to express the Transports of Joy which our Hearts experienced. We were both so extremely affected that we could not refrain from Tears. The Emotion of our Souls deprived us for some Moments of the Power of Speech. Our Looks and Sighs were our only Interpreters. To this silent Scene succeeded the most tender and passionate Expressions.

“ Adorable *Miranda*, said the enraptured Don *Ferdinand*, you are at length restored to my Arms: May I flatter myself you do not repent the generous Sacrifices your Love has cost you? Do you not reproach yourself with having too dearly purchased an Opportunity of loving without Restraint?” “ What! answered I, do you doubt the Sincerity of my Love? And do you think it would permit me to regret those trivial Advantages which

which the World promised me, and in which you could not share with me? Have I not a thousand Times told you the Happiness of my Life depends on your Love alone: Promise me only that your Affection shall end but with your Life."

A thousand Oaths he swore to testify his perpetual Fidelity. We promised to see each other every Day; but Don *Ferdinand* was not perfectly satisfied with that Privilege. He was sensible that his new Situation favoured him with an Opportunity of making me frequent nocturnal Visits; and he was very willing to avail himself of that Advantage. But I refused to comply with his Wishes. In vain did he remonstrate the Example of his Brethren, who, during the Night, very often made their Appearance in the Abbey. I did not think myself obliged to follow their Example. My Prudence even made me look with Horror on the

scandalous Proceedings to which I was every Day Witness. I could hardly conceive how these Friars our Directors could steal into the Abbey, without any one's discovering the Respect they paid to their Devotees; but Don *Ferdinand*, who presently became acquainted with the Stratagems practised in the Convent, told me it was by Means of a Passage under Ground, that they made their Way into our Convent. Young and Old did not fail, by this Means, to perform the pious Offices of their Ministry. This could not be done without sometimes leaving behind them very evident Marks of their Zeal; but this was easily concealed from the Eyes of the World. The young Sisters who were thus become Mothers, exempted themselves from the Scandal by absconding from the Grate before their Pregnancy was visible. A separate Apartment was allowed them, where they waited patiently the happy Moment of their Delivery;

Delivery; and the Burdens, of which they were eased, were privately entrusted to Persons of approved Discretion.

You see then, Sir, said the fair *Miranda*, interrupting her Narrative, that my feeble Virtue has been exposed to dangerous Temptations; so prevalent is the Contagion of ill Example. I resisted them, however, notwithstanding the repeated Efforts which Don *Ferdinand* practised to seduce me: But little did I think that my Charms were about to create him a formidable Rival! It was the Guardian Father himself, who did me the Honour to conceive the most violent Affection for me. I knew that he was a secret Admirer of the Lady Abbes. How would she then be enraged against me, if I should rob her of a Conquest so valuable to her Soul; for, it is necessary to observe, that this Guardian Father was a Man of a genteel and graceful

Person, and that the Lady Abbess, still young, appeared to be of a Complexion susceptible of the most tender Passion. Could she then ever have pardoned me for the Theft I should have committed? No; but I will spare her the Grief the Infidelity of her Lover would occasion. Could it be imagined that I should be insensible of the Declarations of his Love; for, without Doubt, he thought he did me great Honour in making me the Object of his glorious Choice.

The insolent and audacious Discourse of this Friar, gave me, at least, Reason to think, that full of the Idea of his own Merit, he did not expect that I should venture to oppose his Will.

You know not perhaps dear Sister, (said he, one Day, when he made me a Visit) that I have some good News to tell you; but, added he, (taking hold

hold of my Hand, which he pressed ardently) I would have you read in my Eyes what I have to communicate. Indeed, Father, answered I, (hastily snatching my Hand from his) it is not in my Power to do that; for I must confess myself an utter Stranger to the Language of the Eyes.

Oh ! replied he, I see you are a little Dissembler; for, I am well assured that you can read in my Looks the tender Impression which you have made in my Heart; perhaps, added he, in an affected Tone, you are displeased that I have so long delayed to declare my Passion. No, Father, answered I, I am not at all displeased on that Account, I assure you: And I must acknowledge to you that I should have been much better pleased if you had kept your good News to yourself.

How ! Child, answered he, I fancy you do not consider that there is not

a Person here but would think herself highly honoured by such an Overture ; and that I must keep it a Secret from the Lady Abbes, to prevent her being jealous of you : But fear nothing ; I will take upon myself to conceal from her all the Measures that we shall agree upon ; only be careful implicitly to follow my Advice.

For Shame ! Father, answered I, exasperated at this Friar's Audacity, let us put an End to this troublesome Discourse ; and place to my Account the Patience which I have had in listening to you.

But, my dear Sister, replied he, do you forget that you are talking to your Superior ? No, I do not forget it, replied I ; but I do not think his Authority should extend so far as to make me listen to a Discourse which is offensive to my Modesty.

Very

Very well! very well! said he, in an angry Tone, my Discourse, I find, has not the good Fortune to please you; but I suspect the Reason: You would perhaps be better pleased to converse with our Brother *Leander*. (*That was the Name which Don Ferdinand assumed with the Habit of the Order.*) For I am not a Stranger to the amorous Correspondence carried on between you two. However, added he, dispose yourself this Day to bid him eternally farewell; I will send him to take a final Leave of you.

For Heaven's Sake, Father, cried I, alarmed at his cruel Threat, erase from your Remembrance what I have said to offend you. Let me on my Knees intreat your Pardon. No; replied he, bidding me rise from that humble Posture; I do not merit from you such Condescension; and if you have done any Thing to reproach yourself with, employ the Means that are in your Power to make Re-

C 6 paration.

paration. But, my Reverend Father, said I, do nothing rashly, allow me, at least, Time for Reflection: Your Merit, which I know how to value, will be answerable for the Progress which it will be easy for you to make in my Heart: These are flattering Hopes you give me, answered he; but consider that it will be your Interest not to deceive me; and if I consent that our Brother *Leander* should continue his Addresses, remember it is on Condition, that you shall not refuse mine also. These are the Terms I offer you; and I leave you to reflect on them.

Thus was I under a Necessity of complying with whatever this insolent Friar exacted from my Obedience. What Menace could indeed have been more terrible than that which he pronounced? And how could I have survived the bitter Pangs of a Separation from Don *Ferdinand*? It was then for his Sake alone that I

con-

consented to suffer the Importunities of his new Rival. For some Weeks I amused him with flattering Promises; but his brutal Appetite could not long endure the Resistance I had made to his infamous Desires. The Wretch, resolving to succeed, determined to complete his Pleasure by Violence; and the Moment was almost arrived, when he was to execute his horrid Purpose.

For two Hours after I was laid in my Bed, I knew not what secret Impulse acquainted me with the Misfortune that threatened me; but I was so extremely uneasy that Sleep could not close my Eyes. I spent the Time in making the most sorrowful Reflections upon my hard Fate, when suddenly I thought I heard a Noise at my Chamber-door; nor was I mistaken: My Door was opened, and immediately shut to again. The Horror with which I was seized on this Occasion, made me cry out in a most terrible Manner; but I

presently

presently lost the Power of making myself heard ; the Villain who was got into my Chamber, came to my Bedside, and put his Hand before my Mouth. It was the Guardian Father. The Sight of the Danger my Innocence was exposed to, gave me Strength to defend myself against his brutal Violence. Transported with Fury I tore myself from the Arms of this audacious Villain ; but my Strength was soon exhausted. The Wretch, putting a Poniard to my Throat, threatened to sacrifice me to his Rage, if I did not immediately consent to be the Victim of his infamous Lust. If you make the least Noise, said he, it is as much as your Life is worth : --- either comply with my Desires, or expect sudden Death.

Dear reverend Father, said I, throwing myself at his Feet, will you owe that to Violence which you may obtain by Love ? I only ask a Delay of three Days.---No, no, answered

fwered he, I have too long suffered myself to be deceived by your delusive Wiles ; you shall this very Instant perform the Promise you have made me.

Heaven, to whom I cried for Succour, inspired me with a Thought by which I preserved my Innocence. I pretended to consent to the Desires of this lustful Beast. I quitted the humble Posture I was in, threw my Arms round his Neck, and almost smothered him with feigned Caresses ; and that he might not have any Doubt but that I was sincerely disposed to gratify his Wishes, I insisted that he should permit me to receive the Addresses of his Brother *Leander*. He made no Manner of Objection to my Request ; and thought of nothing then but an immediate Compliance. But he was to meet with Obstacles which he did not dream of. Happy for me, the Moon shone through my Chamber-

ber-Window. I took particular Notice where he put the Poniard with which he was armed. He laid it carelessly on a Chair by my Bed-side: To obtain an Opportunity of getting it, I asked him Leave to let me fetch my Smelling-bottle which lay upon the Table, telling him I wanted it to compose my Spirits which were ruffled by a foolish feigned Resistance. He readily granted my Request; and disentangling myself from his Arms, I jumped off from the Bed on which he had thrown me, armed myself with his Poniard; and threatened to sacrifice him to my just Revenge, if he did not preserve himself by Flight.

He now perceived the only Method to preserve his Life was a quick Retreat: However, before he went out of my Chamber, he earnestly entreated me not to mention a Word of what had passed between us; and to engage my Silence, he promised

mised never more to lay any Obstacles between me and *Leander*.

I was not, however obliged to rely upon his Promises; for I expected that *Don Ferdinand* would soon or late become the unfortunate Victim of his jealous Rage. I wrote a Letter to him the next Morning, desiring he would come to me immediately, for I had something of the utmost Consequence to communicate to him. He delayed not to come; and I acquainted him with every thing that had happened, without concealing a single Circumstance. Never was Rage more violent than his. *Monster!* cried he, *his Blood shall pay for his most villainous Attempt.*

For Heaven's Sake, my dear *Don Ferdinand*, said I, (taking hold of his Hand and pressing it tenderly with mine,) moderate the Transports of your undiscerning Rage. Consider, nothing

nothing can preserve us but the Succours of Dissimulation. I desire not, added I, to conceal the Dangers which beset my Innocence, but to extricate myself from them : Say, will you accompany me in my Flight ! I will, by Heaven, answered he, you could not have proposed a Thing more consonant to my Wishes : But my dear *Miranda*, continued he, the Execution of the Design which you propose is inconsistent with the Revenge which fires my Soul. Shall it be said, that I have suffered such a Villain to go unpunished ? Forbid the Thought. It would be equally injurious to both our Honours. Let us fly ; but first, let that cursed Fiend become the Object of my Resentment. But, answered I, will the Interest of our Security permit you to enter into such Projects of Vengeance. Let us only consider what Measures we must take to secure our Flight.

Our

Our first Consideration was where to seek a Refuge. After many Reflections on this Head, we determined to go to *Holland*. But for this Purpose, we required a considerable Sum of Money; and where could we expect to find it? However, Don *Ferdinand* had happily preserved a substantial Friend, and he was the only Person he ever visited since he had been divorced from the World; to him therefore he addressed himself, acquainted him with his Design, and received greater Favours from him than he could possibly expect. This generous Man did every Thing in his Power to promote our Escape; besides the Money which Don *Ferdinand* had received from him, he also promised him a Post-Chaise to conduct us to *Cadiz*. A proper Suit of Cloaths was needful to disguise me, which he also very willingly provided for me. Don *Ferdinand*, after returning him the most

most hearty Thanks, came to acquaint me with the joyful News. Our next Concern was how I should make my Escape from the Convent : This was a Difficulty which my Lover easily removed : He asked my Permission to come to my Chamber the next Morning, said he would bring a Friar's Robe with him ; and that being thus disguised, I might safely follow him into his Convent. He gave me this Caution only, that if we should be so unfortunate as to meet with any of the Friars in the subterraneous Passage, that I should preserve a profound Silence, and boldly follow him.

Measures, so well concerted, left us no Obstacle to surmount. I was not in the least affrighted at the Sight of three Friars which we found in our Passage under Ground. Deceived by my Disguise, they imagined me one of their Brethren ; and

and with a Lover's Haste passed by us to go where *Venus* called them.

Don *Ferdinand*, who was not under any Fear of making himself known, jeered them as they passed along for not making more Haste to pay their Devoirs to their young Sisters: But the Businesse they had in Hand was of too great Importance to make any Delay to reply to him. A Moment stole them from our Sight; and in a short Time afterwards we arrived at the Habitation of our devout Directors. I had not long to wait there; for my Lover conducted me into the Garden, out of which we made our Escape, and went to his kind Benefactor, whose Residense was not above half a League from our Convent.

Being in such a strange Disguise, I could not avoid blushing when I was first presented to him; but that was presentiy over. In the Chamber

ber to which I was conducted, I found a rich Suit of Cloaths made in the genteelest Taste, and just of a proper Size. The same was also prepared for *Don Ferdinand*.

Our Moments were now precious; and by our extreme Diligence we were presently equiped for our Journey. We repeated our Thanks to our gracious Benefactor; and then ascended the Post - Chaise which waited for us.

Our Journey to *Cadiz* was not impeded by any Kind of Accident; when we arrived at that City, I was not in the least fatigued. We were so fortunate as to find a Ship there which was the next Day to set Sail for *Holland*. *Don Ferdinand* advised me to resume my female Dress; I willingly followed his Advice; for in the Habit I then wore, I certainly appeared to have an awkward borrowed Air. --- But in what Cha-

racter was I to accompany him ? It was necessary I should pass under some Title ; and he thought nothing could be more eligible than that of his Wife, which he desired I would accept of. I did ; but it was on Condition, that this Title should give him no Right of Possession, till we were solemnly united by the holy Bands of Love. He assured me that his Passion should ever confine itself within the Limits of Respect, and never venture on the Brink of Freedom. You will presently learn how much I ought to have relied on those Promises. I shall now return to our Departure, which was fixed on for the next Day.

It was to *Holland* we were to go to seek for an Asylum : We flattered ourselves that the Space of a Month would bring us thither ; a favourable Wind gave us Reason to expect an happy Voyage. We anticipated the

Sweets

Sweets of Liberty, of which the bare Idea charmed us.

Six Days were elapsed before we experienced any Perils; and we doubted not but the Remainder of our Voyage would be as happy as the Beginning. But alas! these were delusive Hopes: We were then on the Brink of the most terrible Misfortunes. We were unhappily attacked by a Corsair which we could not possibly avoid. The numerous Broad-sides which were poured in upon us had made such Havock on our Ship, that it was impossible for the Sailors to manage her. The Pirates had it in their Power to sink her if they had been so inclined; but they were not willing to lose the Riches with which she was laden: Making therefore nearer to her, they threw their grappling Irons, drew her to them, and boarded her. A bloody Battle ensued: Don *Ferdinand*, after having

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ing given a thousand Marks of *his* Intrepidity, received several dangerous Wounds ! Weltering in Blood I received him in my Arms ; but he was less concerned for his own Misfortunes, than he was with those which I was about to suffer ; for he doubted not but we should both be condemned to Slavery. In fine, the victorious Corsair did not delay to make himself Master of our Vessel ; and caused us to be put in his. But we were treated wth more Humanity than we could even hope for. Witness of Don *Ferdinand*'s prodigious Valour, the Pirate gave him a thousand Tokens of the most singular Respect. He caused him to be laid on a Bed, and gave strict Orders that the utmost Care should be taken of him ; and I had the Consolation of being suffered to be always near him till his Health and Strength returned.

At length, by the Aid of Sails and Oars, we arrived at the large City of *Fez*, where Don *Ferdinand* and I were sold to the richest *Moor* in all that Country. The Recital which had been made him of my Lover's Valour, together with the Marks of Distinction which appeared in our Behaviour, pleaded in our Behalf, and prevented our being mingled with the other Slaves. We were confined to a lower Room, and a Parterre belonging to it, the Care and Management of which was reposed in us.

During some Months of our Slavery, we had not any Reason to complain of hard Treatment. But this gentle Calm was soon succeeded by a boisterous Tempest: unfortunately for us, our Patron took it into his Head to object against our Religion, and endeavoured to stagger us in our Faith. Threats, Gifts, and Promises, were all employed to seduce us.

At

At first Don *Ferdinand* appeared stedfast and immovable; but I presently perceived it was no very difficult Matter to triumph over his Resolutions. By what he said to me, I found his Stedfastness was shaken: I reproached him for it; but, so far from being ashamed of his Proceedings, he had the Confidence to tell me, that he was no longer disposed to be the Companion of my Misfortunes; that his foolish Passion had been the Cause of all that he had laboured under; and that he was resolved to extricate himself from them.

The Grief with which I was seized at these Words, deprived me of the Power to answer him, but with my Sighs and Tears. The ungrateful Wretch was utterly insensible: I threw myself at his Feet, and bathed them with my Tears; but nothing could recal him to his Duty. He

was not contented with shamefully abandoning his Religion himself, but he exerted his utmost Efforts to engage me to follow his vile Example : The Villain had triumphed over my Innocence ; for how could I defend myself from his seducing Arts ? But he was presently cloyed with the Favours he received from my tender and faithful Passion.

By the changing his Religion he obtained the good Graces of our Patron, who gave him an absolute Authority over all his Slaves. A young *Spanish* Girl had captivated the Heart of this perfidious Man ; he married her, and had the Cruelty to make me her Servant. Alas ! how grievous was my Fate ; I was obliged to do the most servile Drudgery for my detested Rival ! In vain were all my Efforts to oblige her ; my best Services were rewarded with the most cruel Treatment ; and, to heap up the Measure of my Misfortunes,

tunes, the barbarous Don *Ferdinand* had promised *Achmet*, our Patron, that, in a very short Time, he would engage to make me abjure my Faith. Flattering Hopes, dangerous Threats, and seducing Promises, were all employed to corrupt me; but I had the Courage to resist them all. The Traitor, exasperated at my Resistance, consulted nothing but Revenge. I was loaded with Chains, and shut up in a Dungeon; where I continued for six Months, without any other Nourishment than a few bitter Roots.

The Moment however approached in which I was to become a Mother. I flattered myself that the unfortunate Infant I was about to bring into the World would regain me the Affection of a Monster whom I could not hate, notwithstanding his Barbarity. But he received the News of his becoming a Father, without being in the least affected with that

endearing Title. I entreated, as a great Favour, to be permitted to give my little Infant suck; but even that was denied me; for it was tore from my Arms, and I presently after received the News of its Death. Perhaps, alas! he was the unfortunate Victim of the Barbarity of an inhuman Father.

But, Heaven! the Protector of oppressed Innocence prepared to revenge my Injuries. Already the Thunder began to rattle over the Head of the guilty Don *Ferdinand*. An Infidel to his God, he made no Scruple of being so to his Master and Benefactor.

Achmet had a Wife whom he tenderly loved: Don *Ferdinand* saw her; and, seeing, conceived a violent Passion for her. Blinded by his Passion, he did not perceive the imminent Danger which must necessarily attend his Declaration. I know not by

by what Means he obtained a private Interview with the fair *Zoraida* (that was the Name of the unfortunate *Achmet's* Wife); but, however, they had frequent Intercourse together; in which he succeeded so well, that she consented to elope with him: A Vessel was secretly purchased, and other Preparations were made for their intended Flight. It was about Midnight that *Zoraida*, accompanied by a Confidant, was to fly to the Arms of her new Lover. Already she had escaped from her Husband's House, and had even but a few Paces farther to go before she would have arrived at the appointed Rendezvous where he waited for her, when she was stopt in the very Instant she was going to embark, by the following Means: One of the Sailors, whom *Don Ferdinand* had gained over to his Interest, happened to quarrel with one of his Ship-mates; and resolving to execute a Project of Revenge he had

formed against him, took Advantage of the Night to steal away from the Ship. He hastily sought for *Achmet*, and betrayed to him Don *Ferdinand's* Design. Transported with unbounded Rage at this Intelligence, the *Moor* armed some of the most courageous of his Slaves, and ordered them to follow him.

Led on by the Sailor who came to warn him of his impending Mis-
fortune, he soon reached the Vessel which the faithless *Zoraida* was about to go on board. Ready to die with Fear, she flung herself into the Arms of the perfidious Don *Ferdinand*, who, with Scymetar in Hand, seem-
ed resolved his Life should be no easy Purchase; but in vain were his fee-
ble Efforts to sustain the Attacks of his injured Pursuer and his Adhe-
rents.

Achmet, who reserved him for an exemplary Punishment, had forbid any

any one to give him a mortal Blow, which gave him an Opportunity to prolong the Combat; but, a Wound which he received in his Sword-Arm obliging him to let fall his Weapon of Defence, he was loaded with Chains, and led into the City with the Accomplice of his Crime. The ruling Prince of *Fez* being informed of the Affair, determined himself to judge the Criminals. I know not on what Occasion they told him of the Sufferings I was to have undergone from the cruel *Don Ferdinand*; the Recital of my Woes excited his Compassion, and he ordered that I should be released from the Dungeon wherein I had been Imprisoned. He had sentenced the two Offenders to be thrown into the Flames; and was desirous I should be a Witness of this horrid Sight. A Pile was built in the Middle of a large Place, where a prodigious Crowd of People were assembled. This severe Decree was about to be

ed D 5 executed,

executed, when, with Tears in my Eyes, I threw myself at the Feet of the *Moorish Prince*.

Generous Prince, said I, with a Voice interrupted with Sighs, vouchsafe some Pity to my Tears, and either spare my Husband's Life, or let me perish with him. Have you then forgot, replied he, that this same Husband, in whose Behalf you endeavour to deprecate my Wrath, has been your cruel Executioner. Yes, Prince, said I, I would willingly forget it, by reflecting that, as his ever faithful Wife, he is entitled to all my Tenderness; and 'tis that Tenderness which will make me descend with him into the Grave, unless you condescend to restore him to my Prayers. No, no, returned he, think not that Compassion will ever make me forget what is due to Justice: I will however, in Pity to your Tears, abate something of my Severity; a Death less painful shall be

be the Reward of the Traitor's Crimes.

He then made a Sign that they should strike off his Head, as well as that of *Zoraida*; which was performed before I could perceive it. But, what did I endure, at the Sight of such a horrid Spectacle! By the most violent Efforts, I endeavoured to get away from those who held me: I would have flung myself upon the Body of this unfortunate Lover, who notwithstanding all his Barbarity towards me, did not cease to be dear in my Esteem. But, some Slaves whom the Prince had ordered to carry me into his Palace, opposed my Passage, and executed their Master's Orders. For a whole Fortnight, nothing could calm the Grief that overwhelmed me; what Tears did I now shed for the Death of a Man, who, when he was alive, had drawn as many Floods from my Eyes! The Women however, who were ordered

to attend me, did what they could to alleviate my Sorrow. They congratulated me on the happy Change in my Fortune; incessantly reminding me, that I might expect every Thing from the Favour of the Prince, who they said had entertained for me the most inviolable Regard; it was not difficult for me to perceive it; the Diligence every one shewed in preventing my Desires, gave me Cause to apprehend that the Sight of my feeble Attractions had made some Impression on the Heart of the young Prince.

My Fears were but too well grounded. He was not long indeed before he made me a Declaration of the most passionate and tender Love; but, what afforded me some Consolation, was, that by his manner of speaking he gave me Reason to think I had nothing to apprehend from his Violence; he even assured me, that I should remain entirely free, with

with respect to my Religion, the Duties of which he gave me full Liberty to practise secretly. However I might be interested to cultivate his good Graces, I could not however resolve to amuse him with Promises I never intended to fulfil. I recounted to him my Adventures, which I concluded with telling him, that the Vows had made to God, engaged me to re-enter into that State of Life I had quitted; and ventured to ask him, if he would compleat that Goodness of which he had already given me such generous Marks, by permitting me to return into *Spain*. I could not expect he would comply with my Request. He accordingly told me frankly, that I must not hope he would so soon consent to be deprived of the Pleasure of seeing me; he would rather have Time to try, whether the repeated Proofs he should give me of his Love and Constancy, would not

here-

hereafter get the better of my Indifference.

I was under a Necessity of permitting his Addresses ; but, what contributed to render them supportable, was, that he always confined his Love within the Bounds of Respect. I soon became the Dispenser of all his Favours, not one of which were denied to my Request. The Women, who were attach'd to my Service, made it their Study to prevent my Wishes. But these, alas ! remained unsatisfied, for notwithstanding my apparent Felicity, I sighed Day and Night for the happy Moment that should restore me to my Country.

I had nevertheless a whole Year to wait, before I could see my Prayers fulfilled ; for the Prince had never concealed from me, that I was not to hope he would consent to my Departure before the Time. The only

only Motive of Consolation I had left, was, that I was certain he would punctually perform the Promise he had made me. Would he have kept his Word, if he had known what passed in my Heart?

Shall I make a sincere Confession? This Heart could not long continue insensible; the Prince was lovely; a Thousand agreeable Qualifications rendered him worthy of my Esteem; his Kindness deserved the utmost Acknowledgment; and how, with these lively Sentiments of Gratitude and Esteem, should I be wholly free from those of Love? What Violence consequently did I not undergo, in order to disguise the Effects of my Sensibility? How many Sighs, which would have betrayed me, was I not obliged to stifle? and how often had I not Reason to fear, that this amiable Prince would read in my Eyes the Perturbation of my Soul.

Thus

Thus was I expos'd with him to a continual Conflict; but how could I think that my Zeal for Religion would allow me to join my Fortunes with an Unbeliever? I plainly fore-saw it was to no Purpose to endeavour to convince him of his Error. Could I have expected that he would have sacrificed to his Love, his Title to a Crown? Or, that I would have sacrificed my eternal Salvation to any worldly Enjoyment.

Notwithstanding the secret Mur-mours of my growing Love, which every Day encreased, I waited with Impatience, till the Prince, whom I left despairing of Success, should permit me to return to my native Country. The Ardour, with which I redoubled my Sollicitations, to obtain my Liberty, sufficiently con-vinced him that nothing could shake my Constancy. He therefore yield-ed to my Entreaties; and that he might not be expos'd to the Tem-p-tation

tion of detaining me, he did his Passion the Violence to deprive himself of the Pleasure of seeing me.

A few Weeks afterwards he gave Orders that Preparations should be made for my Departure. This generous Prince extended his Bounty so far as to let me know he thought it adviseable, that I should choose, from among the Women Slaves, a Fellow-Traveller; and that my Virtue might not be exposed to Danger, I should assume the Habit of a Cavalier.

I presently made choice of a Companion. I reposed all my Confidence in the amiable *Dorothaea*, who, on her Part, was wholly devoted to my Interest. I was delighted with having it in my Power to bring her back again to her own Country, and we embarked together in a Merchant Ship bound for *Spain*, where we are now happily arrived, after being

being made the Sport of the Winds
and Waves.

Thus ended the Narrative of the Adventures of the fair *Miranda*. I returned her Thanks for her Complaisance; and as she had told me that she was determined to reassume the Veil, I asked her if she intended to make choice of the Convent from which she had escaped. No, indeed, Sir, answered she, for I have so terrible an Idea of the Monks, that I should prefer the Company of the most abandoned Libertines to those Wolves in Sheep's Cloathing.

I commended the Resolutions of this young Nun, and some Adventures of Monastic Gallantry, which I related to her, contributed not a little to confirm her therein. As she only waited to recover her Fatigue before she proceeded on her Journey, she was presently in a Capacity of returning to *Seville*. I took

took my Leave of her; and I received a thousand Acknowledgments for the little Services for which she thought herself indebted to my Complaisance.

A Letter which I received from her, a little While after her Departure, informed me, that the Spiritual Directors of the Abbey from whence she escaped, had been shamefully expelled their Monastery; and that some pious Ecclesiastics had succeeded them. She seemed to rejoice at such an Exchange, and assured me that she had now no Objection to re-enter the same Convent, because she should fear no other Attacks upon her Virtue.

In the Answer that I returned her, I gave her Joy of this fortunate Alteration. I acquainted her, however, that in the Ecclesiastical as well as the Monastic State, there were several compleat Masters of Gallantry,

try, with this Difference only, that the one had more Delicacy than the other.

Whether she profited by my Information I could never learn; for I never received any Answer to my Letter.



T H E

THE
HISTORY
OF
FELICIANA.

A Rich Merchant of *Cadiz*, named *Varnes*, had an only Daughter, in whom were united the most attractive Graces of the Body and Mind. The Time arrived when her springing Charms, and the Father's Wealth, created her a Number of Admirers, from the respective Motives of Love and Interest; none of which had had the good Fortune to captivate her Tenderness. She was not however without Sensibility; but, without Doubt, no Object capable of pleasing her, had as yet presented itself. At length, the Moment

Moment came, when an accomplished Cavalier triumphed over her Indifference.

Y^e Don *Lewis* (for that was his Name) beheld this fair *Spaniard* at Church, and conceived for her the most violent Passion. He declared his Affection for her in so persuaſive and affecting a Manner, that *Feliciana* (for that was the Name of this young Beauty) could not diſguife a reciprocal Esteem. Don *Lewis* would not ſuffer her to part from him, till he had obtained a Promise to enjoy a ſecond Time her Conversation; which ſhe, without Difficulty complied with. He was deiſirous of Permission to accompany this young Lady home, but the Custom of the Country would not permit of ſuch a Proceeding. He contented himſelf therefore with following her, to obſerve the Houſe ſhe entered; and the ſame Day he took a Lodg-

ing directly opposite *Felicana's Window.*

Piety, or rather Love, brought her often to Church, where she never failed to find the assiduous *Don Lewis*, with whom she had each Time a tender Conference. But the Violence of his Passion made him sigh for a more perfect Bliss. He longed for a *Tete a Tete*, where they might not be liable to Interruption; but how could he obtain it? He knew *Felicana's* Prudence, and therefore had not as yet ventured to ask it. He at length took Courage to request it of her, but in vain; she told him, that she had a severe Mother, whose Vigilance it would be difficult to elude; and seriously told him, that if he was desirous of preserving her Esteem, he must never propose any Thing that would be in the least offensive to Decency.

If

If your Sentiments, said she, are regulated by Honour and Probity, consider what those Titles exact from you; but perhaps, continued she, the Mediocrity of my Fortune will put a Stop to the Progress of your Passion; for I do not, like you, derive my Origin from illustrious Blood, and it is necessary there should be some proportion in Birth and Alliances, to make an Union happy.

For Heaven's sake, my dear Madam, replied the enamour'd Don *Lewis*, talk not at this Rate, for it offends my Love; mention not my Birth or my Distinction: In what a Light should I appear, when put in Competition with a Thousand amiable Qualifications, which in you so eminently shine? Love equals all. Believe me, I shall think myself the happiest of Men, if you permit me to demand you of your Friends in Marriage. I have not the least Objection, replied she; and I confess

to

to you, that you could not have offered a more convincing Proof of the Sincerity of your Intentions. Therefore strive to obtain my Father's Consent; and be assured, that should he determine in your Favour, I should exceedingly rejoice at it. I will not conceal from you, added she, that Interest is his reigning Principle; but if he should oppose our Wishes, rest yourself satisfied, and I'll engage to tell you an infallible Method to overcome his Objections.

Don *Lewis*, transported with Joy at these flattering Hopes, returned a thousand Thanks to the dear Object of his Soul; and promised her that he would, the very next Day, wait on her Father, and pour out all his Heart before him. But, alas! he did not succeed as he expected. He flattered himself, that an Account of his Birth and Family would engage the old Gentleman to lend a

E favour-

favourable Ear to his Propositions; but he was an utter Stranger to the Disposition of *Feliciana's* Father. It was to very little Purpose to talk to him of ancient or illustrious Nobility. To obtain the Attention of Don *Varnes*, he must have said that he was nobly rich. But, unhappily for Don *Lewis*, it was quite otherwise. Therefore this unfortunate young Gentleman was politely thanked, for the Honour he intended the *Varnes* Family, who would be much better satisfied with a Ton of Gold, than with all the pompous Titles of Nobility.

It was not long before *Feliciana* was made acquainted with this shocking Answer. But she had a Stratagem in her Head, which she promised herself would render her Father more conformable to their Wishes. A Friar, named Father *Gregory*, she knew, had all his Confidence,

fidence, whose Directions he implicitly followed in every Thing.

This Friar, being the sole Director of all this rich Merchant's Family, had so insinuated himself into their good Graces, that nothing was done but in Obedience to his Commands. When he spake, he was listened to with the most respectful Attention, and no one ever dared to contradict what he pronounced: His Word was a Law. He was so extreme religious, in Appearance, that one would think it was Piety itself who had made use of him as an Instrument to express her Sentiments: His Lips never opened without a Lesson of Wisdom.

It must however be confessed, that the principal Part of his Conversation was addressed to *Feliciana*. She was the beautiful Plant which seemed to merit the utmost Care from this Sower of Religion; he therefore did

not neglect her, but delighted himself with long and frequent Interviews with her; and it may reasonably be supposed that Heaven and heavenly Things were not always the Subject of their Discourse.

He softened her rigid Virtue, and proportioned it to the Foibles of his young Pupil: She was amiable, and he did not fail to tell her so; but it was to Heaven, he said, all the Praises were due, for having bestowed on her such Charms, which none could behold without Astonishment. The word Love had not yet escaped his Lips; but he had frequently said what was an Equivalent to it, and, nothing but the Fear of alarming *Feliciana's* Virtue, and of lessening himself in her Esteem, made him wait the happy Moment, when he might, without Hazard, declare the Vivacity of his secret Flame.

Such

Such was this holy Father, that in the Space of a few Months, he merited, by an ignominious Death, to suffer the Chastisements due to his most horrid Crimes.

But, let us not anticipate his History. I shall return to the Chagrin with which Don *Lewis* was overwhelmed, at hearing the cruel Sentiments of *Feliciana's* Father.

The next Day he had some Conversation with the dear Object, who had before been informed of her Father's Answer to him. She rekindled his Hopes, advised him to go to Father *Gregory*; and to neglect nothing that might engage him to espouse his Interest.

This Advice was eagerly followed by the passionate Don *Lewis*; he ran with a Lover's Haste, to visit this holy Man, with whom he was to interceed.

My Happiness, said he, my reverend Father, is in your Power, and it will cost you but a few Words to purchase it for me. Indeed you are mistaken, (replied this hypocritical Friend, in a pious Tone) for what Interest can such a poor Friar be supposed to have? Only promise me, replied Don *Lewis*, that you will not refuse me the Honour of your Protection, and I desire no more; I know, added he, the D^eference which Don *Varnes* always pays to your Council: If I am not united to his fair Daughter, I shall ever be miserable. May I hope, my reverend Father, that you will be so generous as to speak in my Behalf?

I have not the Honour to be acquainted with you, replied the Friar, and you know the Holiness of my Profession will hardly permit me to meddle with profane Affairs. But, added

added he, is the Design you mention, of heavenly Inspiration? or, have you hearkened to a sensual Passion? How miserable will be your Case, my dear Sir, if any criminal Views should induce you to enter into a State of Life, which though holy in itself, would to you be a State of Damnation.

May it please your Reverence, replied Don *Lewis*, believe me, I can call Heaven to witness, that my Intentions, regulated by Piety and the strictest Honour, have nothing to reproach me with.

It is the Lord only, resumed the holy Father, that can fathom the Secrets of the Heart. He has commanded me to judge favourably of my Neighbour; and therefore, I rely upon your Word; and promise you, that I will endeavour to execute the Commission you have given me; but, that you may not be disap-

pointed, I tell you before-hand, that you must not promise yourself much Success from my impotent Endeavours.

We shall now see how he employed the Influence he had over the Father of this young Devotee. He had such tender Propositions to make her himself, that he would hardly solicit a Marriage which must be so repugnant to his Wishes; for the Jealousy of an Husband is much clearer sighted than the Vigilance of Parents: This cunning Friar, therefore, had rather see the fair *Feliciana* in the House of a Father, than in that of a troublesome Husband.

He went therefore, the next Day, to make Don *Varnes* a Visit, and stepping with him into a private Room, he represented Don *Lewis* in the most disadvantageous Colours; and endeavoured to persuade him, that

that should he consent to an Union so disproportionable, the Ruin of his Family would be the certain Consequence.

By the Advice I now give you, added he, you may judge how much I have your Happiness at Heart ; but, that I may not be exposed to Don *Lewis*'s Resentment, it will be necessary that I should, in the Presence of *Feliciana*, express myself in a very different Manner. I will pretend to plead in Behalf of her Lover, and you shall refuse to comply with my Request. At this I will appear extremely sorry, and such feigned Sorrow will protect me from Don *Lewis*'s Anger.

From these Proceedings you may judge of this Friar's Sincerity ; and that our two Lovers could not avoid being the Dupes of this artful Impostor. Convinced that it was not through him that their Designs were

opposed, they thanked him for his Endeavours, and intreated a Continuance of them. He promised it, and told them, they might depend upon his Fidelity.

The fair *Felicia*, in the mean Time, assiduously applied herself to cultivate the good Graces of her dear Director; who, on his Part, employed all Methods to make some Progress in the Heart of his young Devotee. Two Months rolled away, during which Time, he every Day promised himself the Gratification of his Wishes. A few small Favours were however the only Recompence of such delusive Promises. He expected all that she could grant, and what seemed to give him further Assurances, was, that the young *Felicia* had some Time after a more pressing Occasion for his Assistance.

Don

Don *Sebastian*, Son of a wealthy Citizen of *Toledo*, came to *Cadiz*. Chance furnished him with an Opportunity of beholding the fair *Feliciana*, the Sight of whose Charms, like Lightning, pierced him through the Heart, and he immediately became a passionate Lover. But how could he declare his Sentiments? he could see her but at Church, where the enraptured Don *Lewis* never failed to attend her.

Though ardent was his Love, yet still his Life was dear to him; and he was not much inclined to have recourse to Violence to oblige her Rival to give her up: He therefore contented himself with writing a Letter to his Mistress. Never was Passion more rapturously expressed than was his in his Letter; but they were to no manner of Purpose. *Feliciana* did not even deign to write him an Answer.

Exasperated at this Treatment, he resolved to make Don *Varnes* a Visit; and how could he fail of being favourably received? He introduced himself by telling the old Gentleman that he was Heir to five Thousand Pounds per Annum. What persuasive Rhetoric was this to a Person of his Disposition! It was, as the Reader may imagine, no very difficult Matter to obtain his Consent; but that of *Feliciana* still remained to be won.

Her Father could hardly oblige her to receive a Visit from this odious Lover; and the Answer she made to his Proposel could not but deprive him of all manner of Hopes of obtaining her.

Indeed Sir, said she, this is a very odd Method of treating a Lover! The Inclination of the Person whom you desire to unite, is not to be regarded.

garded. The Fashion is, I perceive, to intercede with the Parents of a young Lady; and if the Suit obtains their Consent, the Daughter is to be forced into Compliance by their Authority! A fine Thing indeed!

Hold your Tongue, Sauce-box, cried the old Man, what, should a young giddy Girl be consulted in an Affair of this Consequence? I tell you, that this Gentleman is a Man of Merit. That may be, replied *Felicia*, but it is a Species of Merit that I am quite insensible of. Oh! he'll make you sensible of it, replied the old Man, in a very short Time; therefore see that my Commands are comply'd with. But, my dear Father, resumed she, do not employ your Authority, in obliging me to mourn my Fate all the Remainder of my Life.

Believe me, Madam, resumed *Don Sebastian*, my Study shall be to

to render you happy: I will anticipate your Desires: Your Will shall be always mine.

Vouchsafe then, resumed she, to give me a small Proof of your Love, by desisting to execute the Authority given you by him who has given me Birth, and wait with Patience, 'till my Heart shall plead in your Behalf. But, suppose this Heart should be occupied by another Object, replied he. Suppose it is, answered she, in a disdainful Tone; where it is fixed, it shall ever remain: and without waiting for an Answer, she retired.

What an obstinate Baggage! says the old Man, but I shall find Means to reduce her to Compliance. Call again, Sir, in a few Days; but first of all, make a Visit to my Daughter's Director; she will be ruled by him; beg him therefore to intercede in your Behalf; and as he is a Man of

of Honour, if he gives you his Promise, you may confidently rely upon it. But, Sir, replied Don *Sebastian*, will you be kind enough to give me a Letter of Recommendation to this holy Father. It shall be done, said the old Man ; your Request shall be complied with.

Behold now, the pious Father *Gregory*, about to be employed in interceding for his new Rival ; and it may be easily conjectured with what Fidelity he will discharge his Commission. He first privately exhorted Don *Varnes* not to give his Daughter any Reason to complain of his tyranical Authority ; and then advised *Feliciana* to perfist in her Refusal. He also made her promise to tell Don *Sebastian* that he had done him all the Services in his Power. For this pretended Fidelity he doubtless expected the Thanks of Don *Sebastian*, which he in a few Days received accordingly.

Thus

Thus the deceitful and cunning Monk, the secret Rival of Don *Lewis*, and Don *Sebastian*, strove to make them both the Dupes of their Credulity. But the Violence of his brutal Passion hurried him on to reap the Fruits of his Artifice.

The hapless *Feliciana* is shortly destined to become the innocent Victim of this Villain's Treachery. He thought it necessary to ensure Success, that he should rid himself of his two Rivals; and employed the following Stratagem, to be freed from their Importunities.

He dispatched a Letter to Don *Lewis*, urging him to come to him with the utmost Speed, on pretence of having Affairs of the greatest Importance to communicate to him; and did not long wait for his Arrival.

I have, Sir, said the Friar, the most agreeable News in the World to impart to you. I think I have at length prevailed on Don *Varnes*; for I have so often expatiated on your Deserts, that he is inclined to think as favourable of you as myself. He is not, however, entirely disposed to conform to your Desires. He complains that your Love detains you here too long, and causes you to neglect your Affairs; for you know, that the Views of this good Man are entirely lucrative; therefore if you would completely obtain his Favour, absent yourself only for a few Weeks, and I will not fail to improve your Absence to your Advantage; by giving him to understand that you no longer think and act like a giddy young Man, but extend your Vices to Futurity, and that you are less anxious for the Success of your Love, than for the Preservation and Improvement of your Fortune.

And

And I doubt not, but this Remonstrance, which I shall often repeat, will effectually remove his Objections.

Oh ! my reverend Father, cried *Don Lewis*, how greatly am I indebted to you, since it is to you alone I shall owe this Happiness of my Life. You see, replied the Friar, that this Absence which I advise is for your Felicity ; but, before your Departure, make a Visit to *Don Varnes*, acquaint him that your Affairs at home require your Attendance ; and I doubt not but I shall in a little Time have good News to tell you.

Don Lewis wanted Words to express his Acknowledgment. He took Leave of his zealous Advocate, recommending to him his Cause. And how could he intrust it in better Hands !

But

But now let us dismiss the credulous Don *Lewis*, and return to Don *Sebastian*, who will not long trouble Father *Gregory* with his Importunity.

The artful Friar gave him to understand, that it was proper to go to his Parents at *Toledo*, and engage them to write to Don *Varnes*, in his Behalf; and that some Persons of Distinction should also write to him; and that they should not omit to mention in their Letters a full Account of his present Fortune, and future Expectations.

But a Motive, which alone might induce him to depart, was, that the Friar gave him his Word of Honour (which must certainly be of great Moment) that in a Month's Time he should have succeeded, either in subduing the Heart of *Feliciana*, or engaging

engaging Don *Varnes* to force her to Obedience.

Thus Don *Sebastian* thought himself secure of Happiness either from Authority or Inclination. But before a Fortnight was elapsed, he was convinced of his Error.

No sooner had he arrived at *Toledo*, than his Parents, by whom he was tenderly beloved, wrote to Don *Varnes*, in the very Terms he dictated. They were imparted to Father *Gregory*, who, to forward his own Designs, advised *Feliciana*'s Father to force her to comply, in spight of all Resistance.

His Advice was punctually followed. *Feliciana* received Orders to engage herself to Don *Ferdinand*; and only eight Days were allowed her to consider of it.

Alarmed

Alarmed with this cruel News she shed abundance of Tears, but to no purpose. Overwhelmed with Grief at her Father's Insensibility, she made Application to the holy Father to protect her.

It is all over with me ! my good Father, said she, my Ruin is determined ! A cruel unrelenting Parent has sentenced me to pass my unhappy Days in Despair, by forcing me to wed a Man who will ever be the Object of my Aversion.

Well, my dear Child, answered this hypocritical Friar, Heaven now presents you with an Opportunity to display your Virtue. I must confess, added he, this is a very great Mortification; but consider, the Kingdom of Heaven is to be won only by Violence.

Indeed,

Indeed, my reverend Father, I can never make this Sacrifice to my Duty: Protect me therefore from the Misfortune that threatens me; pity my Tears; give me this last Testimony of your Bounty; employ the Interest you have in my Father's Heart, by hindering him from making me a Sacrifice to his Avarice.

Say no more, answered he; I am affected to such a Degree, that there is nothing I would not do, to shew you how much I have your Happiness at Heart. But, alas! I am so well acquainted with your Father's Intentions, that it would be to no purpose to attempt to alter them. However, continued he, a Thought's come into my Head.—But stopping short, he said, I must not follow the Dictates of my Inclination, lest my Zeal to serve you should prove my Destruction. Dear reverend Father, cried she, let me conjure you

you not to abandon me to my sad
Fate! my only Hope is in you.

I will not conceal from you, reply'd he, that you perplex me more than you imagine; but, my dear Child, I am interested in the Salvation of your Soul; and would you not greatly endanger it by being obliged to pass your Life with a Husband, who, far from meriting your chaste Love, might be the Object of your Indifference, or, even of your Hatred; so that I hope that God will prosper the Design he has inspired me with in your Favour. You shall hear it, added he, and then you will be able to judge, whether any Danger can deter me, when your Interest is in view. I will engage myself to bring you into the Arms of *Don Lewis*, whose Wisdom I have experienced. I will accompany you in your Flight. This will without Doubt excite your Father's

ther's Anger, but I shall find it no very difficult Matter to appease it.

O! my good Father! cried the credulous *Feliciana*, my whole Life shall be employed in testifying my Gratitude. You will thank me, replied this Monster of Iniquity, when I have secured your Happiness. Let us only deliberate on the necessary Measures for the Execution of our Design. First, get Possession of as much Money as you are able to carry; then come to me, and I will give you a Letter to a Woman, at whose House you must conceal yourself for one Day. Your Father, alarmed at your Absence, will doubtless imagine that Don *Lewis* has carried you off.

As soon as I think he is acquainted with his Misfortune, I will make him a Visit. He is old, infirm, and so taken up in his Affairs, that he will be unable to pursue you. I

will therefore offer to go in quest of your pretended Ravisher, and will engage to restore you to the Arms of your Father, who will not refuse me any Sum I shall ask, for the Prosecution of my Project. I will then come to you, and we will take the Advantage of the Darkness to conceal our Flight; and that we may not be in fear of Discovery, I think it is necessary you should take an Habit of our Order, which I have already left for that Purpose at the Woman's to which I shall direct you. See whether you can submit for a few Days to pass for a young Brother Novice.

The tender *Feliciana* immediately complied with this Proposition; and knew not how sufficiently to thank her dear Director for all the Pains he had been at, to snatch her from the Misfortunes which threatened her. But, alas! little did she expect those that were to befall her. She

F had

had just received her Lesson, and was unfortunately but too exact in putting it in Practice.

It may be imagined that Father *Gregory* did not, on his Part, neglect any Measures to perpetrate his Designs. He set out at Midnight, with his lovely Devotee, in the Form of a Franciscan Friar, and took the Road for *England*. But his Journey was not so long as he expected. After having made a Day's Journey, he stopped in a little Village, when he would fain have passed a Night with his pretended Brother. They told them at the Inn where they alighted, that they had but one Room for them; at which *Felicia* appeared extremely sorry, but the perfidious Monk rejoiced in secret.

By his Behaviour to his young Devotee, he sought to dispel her Chagrin; and during the whole Repast, did not fail frequently to congratulate her,

her, on the Happiness of seeing herself shortly in the Arms of her Lover.

The Repast ended, he proposed going to Bed. Though there were two Beds, she was extremely unwilling to undress herself. Her pious Director was not at all pleased with her scrupulous Behaviour, and reproached her for it in the severest Terms. What could *Felicia* do then but oblige him; but how dear was she about to pay for her Compliance?

Sleep had no sooner closed her Eyes, than she became the unfortunate Victim of her Companion's Brutality; nor could all her Efforts defend her from his Violence, since she strove in vain to escape from the Arms of this perfidious Monk, before he had compleated his infamous Desires.

Abandoned to the most poignant Grief, a Flood of Tears flowed from her Eyes; and what contributed to her Despair was, that she foresaw that she must expect further Violence. But Heaven, the just Avenger of such Crimes, was about to take her Cause in Hand.

After she had been a second Time abused by her vile Associate, who, in order to appease her, promised within the Space of twenty four Hours, to bring her into the Arms of her Lover; they mounted the Chaise together about break of Day; but their Journey was very short. They had hardly travelled two Leagues, when they perceived at a Distance three Cavaliers, who were coming towards them, and whom they could not avoid meeting, otherwise than by returning the same Way they came. A secret Presage acquainted *Feliciana* that those were Defenders

Defenders whom Heaven had brought to her Deliverance.

She was extremely overjoy'd to see them approach; but how was she surprized when they came near enough to be distinguished? Could any Rencounter be more fortunate! It was Don *Lewis* himself, attended by two Servants. Transported beyond Measure, she held out her Arms to him, and would have leap'd out of the Chaise to his Embraces. Generous Don *Lewis*, cried she, do I behold you again.— She could say no more.— The Wretch who accompanied her, held one Hand before her Mouth, and taking his Poniard in the other, he threatened to sacrifice her to his Fury, if she uttered a single Word more.

Monster, cried the unfortunate Don *Lewis*, jumping from his Horse, alarmed with *Feliciana's* Danger, what Rage transports you? either

quit that murderous Weapon, or the Effusion of your Blood shall be the Chastisement of your Crimes. Well then, replied the ferocious Monk, come and take your Lover, but it shall be weltering in her Blood that I will restore her to you: In pronouncing which Words, the Villain plunged the Poniard in her Bosom, and then turned his guilty Hands upon himself; but Don *Lewis*, who was willing to preserve him for a more ignominious Death, hastily disarmed him, and hindered him from putting an End to his Life; he then ordered his Servants to bind him.

During this Time *Feliciana* was weltering in her Gore; her disconsolate Lover then made haste to stop the Bleeding, by binding up the Wound, which was happily not judged mortal. The Surgeon of the Village she came from, who visited her, pronounced her able to sustain

sustain the Fatigue of the Journey as far as *Cadiz*; thither she was reconducted by her Lover, from whom she thought she ought not to disguise the Violence that had been committed on her Honour. Torments were therefore necessary to extort a Confession from Father *Gregory*. The Monks, his Brethren, in vain reproached him. He was delivered into the Hands of Justice, and in a few Days condemned to lose his Life upon a Scaffold, where he was rack'd alive upon the Wheel.

The Misfortune which had happened to the unfortunate *Feliciana* was not able to diminish the Affection of Don *Lewis*; he would have married her, but she thought it more prudent to bury in a Nunnery her apparent Disgrace; and she was no sooner recovered of her Wound than she put her pious Design into Execution.

Jealousy Out-witted:
A N
Italian N O V E L.

A Gentleman named *Gualdini*, that he might not fear the Misfortunes to which all Husbands are subject, determined to live a Batchelor. Sensible however of the Attractions of Love, he had a most violent Inclination for the fair Sex; which he found very little Difficulty in gratifying. An engaging Ease and Sprightliness, joined to a most delightful Figure, rendered him so very amiable to the Ladies, that he was never so unfortunate as to

to sigh in vain. Each Day he made new Conquests. And what did not a little contribute to his Successes, was, that he exercised great Dexterity in concealing his amorous Intrigues. No Stratagems that could be put in Practice to seduce a Wife, and cheat the Vigilance of the Husband, was he a Stranger to; nor did he fail to employ them with Success. How numerous therefore must have been the poor contented Cuckolds, who were the Duples of his Ingenuity?

He passed his Days in this Manner till he attained the Age of fifty Years, and even then he was so perfectly satisfied with his way of Life, that he had no Thoughts of changing it. At length he beheld the fair *Eliza*, a young Lady of about twenty, which made a great Alteration in his Sentiments. He thought, however, that without loading himself with Chains, to which he had

a great Aversion, it would not be impossible to captivate the Heart of this young Lady. But *Gualdini* was now become an antiquated *Adonis*; his Conquests were now at an End. He perceived that in order to make his Declarations hearkened to, he must proceed upon Terms of Honour. He had already spoke of Love, but she pretended not to understand him; he spake of Hymen, and he was answered. In short, *Gualdini* ventured into a State of Life, which had formerly appeared so very dangerous to him. Now we shall see whether he will avoid the Misfortunes which he had heaped upon many others.

About a Fortnight after they were married, his Wife, of whom he had not yet conceived the least Jealousy, received a Letter from one of her Relations, of whom she was a Confident. This Letter inclosed a Billet, which she was to convey to

to a young Lady, who was the Object of her Relation's Passion. It is necessary that I should recite this Letter, that the Reader may judge of *Gualdini's* jealous Fury, when this Letter fell into his Hands.

The following is the Billet from *Eliza's* Relation, to his Beloved.

My adorable Angel,

Shall we for ever meet with Obstacles to our tender Loves? Shall we never be happy enough to have it in our Power to overthrow the Vigilance of your troublesome Husband? What Pangs do I not endure, to think that you should be confined within the Arms of a Man so unworthy of your Tenderness? How must your Delicacy be offended at his nauseating Embraces? It is not in his Power to set a just Value upon the Favours which you bestow. Alas! shall I lose those rapturous Pleasures for ever? No, I cannot survive so terrible

rible a Misfortune. I promise myself Success from the Dexterity of her who remits you this Letter. I have animated her Endeavours by my Liberality. She promised me that she will shortly facilitate the Means of an Interview. Gods! with what Impatience do I not wait the happy Moment, when I can give you the most convincing Marks of my most ardent Tenderness. Convinced also of the Vivacity of your Passion, I doubt not but you will espouse the Measures which I shall take to satisfy your just Revenge against your odious Husband's Jealousy.

I am, &c.

The unhappy *Eliza* had unfortunately torn to Pieces the Letter which her Cousin had wrote to her; and only preserved the Billet which was inclosed in it. This Billet *Gualdini* found, without any Address; whereupon he immediately concluded it must have been written to his Wife. Though transported with the

the most furious Rage, he had the Conduct to conceal it, that she might not escape the Vengeance he meditated. He began to have a strict Eye upon her Actions; and when he had concerted the Measures which he intended to execute, he acquainted her with his Intention of quitting his Residence in the City, and retiring to one of his Estates in the Country, the Solitude of which was pleasing to him.

Though this young Lady had no great Inclination for retiring into the Country, she made however no Objection to comply with his Command. But she did not suspect the Snare that was set for her. She was no sooner arrived at the Mansion-House to which she was conducted, but she was led up Stairs and confined in an high Tower. She threw herself at her Husband's Feet, watered them with her Tears, and begged, at least, that she might have the

the Consolation of being told what Crime she had been guilty of, to merit such Disgrace.

Hold, Madam, said he, shewing her the Billet, which I have before spoken of, Read and see whether I am not sufficieutly informed of your Infamy and my Shame.

In vain did she endeavour to justify herself! His blind Jealousy had shut his Eyes to every Thing that she could say in her Defence. He left her, swearing she should never depart from the Place he had shut her in, but to descend into her Tomb.

Such was the severe Edict which his Cruelty extorted from him. Thus the unfortunate *Eliza* became condemned to a continual Flood of Tears. But Love interested himself in her Favour. He produced a Person to revenge the jealous Fury
of

of her Husband; and this Person was a Friar, of a most tender and compassionate Disposition, who was about to convince *Gualdini* that he was not acquainted with all the cunning Artifices that might be practised to elude the Vigilance of a jealous Husband.

This Friar, named *Don Bennet*, resided with a religious Brother in a Priory about forty Yards distant from *Gualdini's* House. They made frequent Visits to each other, and generally dined and supped together.

Gualdini, who had for a long Time made a Secret of the Cruelty which he exercised towards his Wife, at length acquainted *Don Bennet* with it, he being a Bosom Friend. A Glass too much made him divulge the Secret. But what chiefly whet the Edge of *Don Bennet's* sensual Appetite was, that this noble *Venetian*,

tian, whom the Liquor had rendered incapable of considering the Consequence of the Things which escaped him, drew a Portrait of his Wife in such beautiful Colours, as could not but excite the utmost Curiosity. Therefore the cunning Prior, in order to get an Opportunity of seeing this young Beauty, declared to *Gualdini* that he could not believe him, because, says he, if your Wife is really as beautiful as you represent her, you could not possibly have so long omitted to perform conjugal Duty. Confess then, Sir, continued he, that it is only an imaginary Picture which you have just now drawn.

Indeed, Sir, answered *Gualdini*, it is a real one; and, I could presently convince you of it; for were you to see her, you could not but confess that the Original exceeds the Copy. Suffer me then to see her, resumed the Friar. With all my Heart,

Heart, replied *Gualdini*; To-morrow you shall visit her.

Behold a Bargain struck; and we shall see who will become the Dupe of it. Don *Bennet*, who was shewn the Tower wherein *Eliza* was confined, observed that there was one narrow Window to it, which look'd over a little River belonging to the Priory, and which washed the Walls of this Tower.

He had no sooner parted from *Gualdini* but he shut himself up in a Closet, to study Measures to revenge the fair Prisoner of the cruel Treatment she received from the Jealousy of her Husband.

After various Reflections, he determined to begin with writing her a Letter, to know whether she was disposed to assist his Endeavours to soften the Pangs of her Confinement. The following is the Letter, which

you

you will find he had Art enough to convey into her Hands, even in the Presence of Gualdini.

Madam,

Could I hear the Recital of your Misfortunes, without endeavouring to relieve you, I must be of a savage Disposition. I am so extremely affected with your cruel Fate, that I would freely venture my Life to tear you from the Misfortunes which overwhelm you. How happy should I think myself if you would but deign to accept the Services of a Man who would glory in giving himself up entirely to your Interest; and who would delight to employ himself to release you from the Tyrany of a barbarous Husband. If you will honour me with a Line of Answer, be so kind as to tye the Letter at the End of a long piece of Pack-thread, and let down into a little Boat, which I will take care to place at the Bottom of the Tower wherein you are confined,

confined, about Eleven o'Clock this Evening. On receiving an Answer to this Letter, I shall contrive proper Means to break your intolerable Chains.

Yours, &c.

When *Don Bennet* had written this Letter, he sealed it; and doubted not but he should be able the next Day to deliver it himself; nor was he disappointed in his Expectations. He gave Orders to the young Friar, his Inferior, to ask to speak in private with the noble *Venetian*, about a Quarter of an Hour after he was gone to his House; and under pretence that he had a great Favour to beg of his Superior, and that it was only through *Gualdini's* Intercession that he could hope to obtain it.

Measures so well concerted, could hardly fail of Success. *Don Bennet* went to *Gualdini's* House, where he beheld

beheld the beautiful *Eliza*. His Insensibility could not support the Sight of such powerful Charms. The young Friar *Bernardin* called *Gualdini* aside to whisper to him, according to his Lesson; which afforded Don *Bennet* an Opportunity of delivering his Letter to *Eliza*, for whom he had now conceived the most violent Affection; but he had however too much Cunning to suffer his Passion to appear.

When he was alone with *Gualdini*, he did not fail to tell him that his Wife was not possessed of those Charms which he had so liberally bestowed upon her; nay, he even pretended that she was almost Beauty's opposite. This cunning Proceeding, so very necessary to the Execution of his Projects, succeeded to his Wish: By that Means he avoided all manner of Suspicion: But this was no more than a single Step towards Success. What Artifices

fices had he not to employ, to procure the Happiness he wished for ? But let us return to *Eliza's Answer*, which was such as he could wish it.

She returned him a thousand Thanks for the Compassion he had shewn her.---Begged, that in the Measures which he should take to revenge her Injuries, that he would not forget the Preservation of her Honour ; and ended her Letter, with Assurances of a perpetual Acknowledgment.

The Word Acknowledgment, was alone sufficient to animate this zealous Friar. He therefore, the very next Day began to labour about the Execution of his amorous Project.

He invited *Gualdini* to dine with him ; and requested of two or three *Topers*, his Companions, to endeavour

vour to make him so drunk, that he might not be able to walk Home, and that he might go thither and supply his Place. But this cunning Stratagem was employed in vain. The sober *Gualdini* was able to resist their strongest Importunities, and left them with as cold a Head, and as steady a Brain, as when he went into their Company. We shall now see whether he escaped so happily from the next Trap that was set for him.

A few Days afterwards, he was again invited to dine with Don *Bennet*, who had given Orders that the Plates which were served him, should be first rubbed with a certain Drug, that would communicate its Bitterness to all the Meat which was laid thereon. They sat down to Dinner: All the Company made an Elogium upon the Repast by the Quantity they eat. *Gualdini* was the only idle Person there. He complained that every Thing which was

was offered him had an exceeding bitter Taste. The Wine which was prefent to him had also a remarkable ill Taste. The Murmurs however of his Appetite, which he had abused by an Abſtinence of two or three Days, (for it must be obſerved, by the bye, that this illuſtrious *Venetian* had as much Avarice as Jealousy) I say, the Murmurs of his Appetite made him very desirous of Eating; but his ardent Wishes could not be ſatisfied. A new *Tantalus!* he was dying with Hunger in the Midſt of a delicious Abundance. The Company perſuaded him to beſlieve that he look'd exceeding pale: A Physician, who was preſent at this Repaſt, affuming an Air of Gravity, felt *Gualdini's* Pulse, advised him to go immediately to Bed, and charged him not to venture out of his Room for the Space of fifteen Days.

Don *Bennet* now flattered himſelf that while this ſick Husband was confined, and wholly occupy'd in the

the Recovery of his Health, he could embrace that Opportunity of making Donna *Eliza* an amorous Visit. But these were delusive Hopes! The jealous *Venetian* gave Orders that a Bed should be prepared for him in the Tower wherein his Wife was confined. But here it is necessary to be Observed, that since she had lost the Honour of his Esteem, he had sworn never to perform the Duties of an Husband. But the young Lady found Means to console herself, and to bestow upon the unhappy *Gualdini* the glorious Name of Father; a Title which he was very certain he had not merited from her.

But what compleated Don *Bennet's* Despair, was, that the *Venetian* had declared that he would not receive any Visits during the Course of his imaginary Illness. He even ordered all the Doors of his House to be lock'd; and would have none of his Domestic

ticks to attend him, but an old decrepit Fellow of about Seventy, who had nothing so tempting about him as to be able to seduce his Wife.

It was not for Don *Bennet*'s Interests, that *Gualdini*'s Illness should be of long Duration. He knew his avaritious Disposition; and doubted not but he would receive with Thanks, some delicate Food. He sent him some; of which he made so hearty a Meal, as to make up for his Deficiency the preceding Day. Thus, believing himself perfectly recovered, he immediately quitted the Company of *Eliza*, of whom, however, he continued the Goaler. This was what disconcerted all the Measures which his Rival put in Practice to obtain the desired Happiness.

But it is usual with Friars, to compleat what they take in Hand;

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they are not discouraged with a few Disappointments: If one Artifice fails of Success, another is immediately put into Execution. We shall now see our holy Father employ'd in a third Stratagem to obtain Success. He intended to send *Gualdini* from Home, and thought he had invented a Scheme which would answer that End.

He had been informed that a Law Suit was depending between this *Venetian* and a Tradesman, who, for want of Money, was unable to support his Right. He therefore sent for this Tradesman to his Benefice; and, under pretence of an extreme Love for Justice, furnished him with a Sum of Money to carry on his Process.

The poor Citizen, delighted with such unexpected good Fortune, after returning Thanks to Don *Bennet*, his generous Benefactor; and testifying

fying the Height of his Acknowledgment, returned with Speed to *Venice*; where he was no sooner arrived, than he ran to his Judges to sollicit a decisive Decree. *Gualdini* received a Letter, informing him, that his Cause was coming to be heard; and intreating him to come immediately where his Interest call'd him. But his Jealousy triumphed over his Avarice; and he rather chose to hazard the Loss of his Suit, than lose, for a single Moment, his Post of Goaler.

He was, however, weary of it some Time after; and at the earnest Request of *Don Bennet*, he gave up to another this troublesome Employ.

One Day, when they were conversing together, *Don Bennet* said to him, I am far from blaming the wife Precautions which you exercise to preserve your Honour; and if all

Husbands followed your Example, we should not see so many of them become the Dupes of their Credulity; nothing is weaker or more wavering than a Woman's Virtue; and my Opinion is, that they cannot be too much suspected. I am also of Opinion, that the Title of a jealous Husband is less dishonourable than that of a contented one. It must however be confessed, to the Shame of the Age we live in, that these are the fashionable Husbands. Oh! let me alone for that, reply'd the *Venetian*, I shall take very good Care not to be one of that Number. I know the Use that I have formerly made of their Faith; how many Tricks have I play'd, in my Youth, upon the Credulity of those courteous, good-natured Husbands? And I will heartily forgive any Person that shall be able to play the same Tricks against me. I really do not think, resumed the Friar, that any Person intends to cheat your Vigilance; but

suffer me, notwithstanding, to tell you, that it is not so great as I could wish. For let us reason a little about it. It is true indeed, that you never part from the Keys of the Tower wherein your Wife is locked, but do you also take the Locks with you? And while you are in your own Apartment, or when you do me the Honour to come and see me, how do you know but they may embrace the Opportunity of your Absence to dishonour you?

True, Father, replied he, your Observation is very just; and I will this very Day convince you, that I know how to make a proper Use of good Advice, given me by so zealous a Friend as you are. Believe me then, Sir, replied *Don Bennet*, I would advise you, to have a Guardian for your Wife, to accompany her, and to observe her Actions. A very good Thought! replied the noble *Venetian*; and I will immedi-

ately provide a Woman whom I can confide in, for that Purpose.

But this Woman did not long enjoy the Post which was allotted her. The artful Don *Bennet* knew very well how to proceed.

He wrote a Letter to Donna *Eliza* (here it is proper to observe, that by the Help of a String, and the little Boat, which I have before mentioned; there had been an epistolary Correspondence carried on between them); I say he wrote a Letter to Donna *Eliza*, wherein he acquainted her, that it was he himself that had advised her Husband to set over her the troublesome Companion which she was about to have; but he begged of her to be satisfied, promising her, that in a few Days she should have another, who would be entirely devoted to their joint Interests. Nor was he worse than his Word; for before a Week had elapsed,

lapsed, he found out a Woman, whose Abilities were known to him, and who was very capable of doing him infinite Service in his Intrigues.

His next Business was to dislodge her whom *Gualdini* had made choice of.

He conveyed a Purse with a hundred Crowns, by his usual Passport, to *Eliza*, and with it a Letter, wherein he desired her to employ that Sum of Money in bribing her Inspectress to make a quick Retreat. This was so brilliant a Fortune for her, that she could not have the Heart to refuse any Thing that might be exacted from her Obedience. She therefore took her leave of the desolate *Gualdini*, who went the very same Day to his dear Friend *Don Bennet*, to communicate the Misfortune that had befallen him.

Well, replied the Friar, to whom he had made his Complaints, this Loss is not irreparable. You are sensible I have a very great Friendship for you; and I will this Day give you a most convincing Proof of it. A Friend of mine has an old Domestic of experienced Fidelity, who is a very proper Person for you: I doubt not but I can procure her for you; for I flatter myself that my Friend will not refuse me any Thing. Suffer me then to part from you, Sir. I will take Horse and ride to her, and you shall presently be informed of my Success.

It need not be doubted but the Friar was able to perform his Promise; for he had already brought a Woman from *Venice*, who was to be the Assistant in his private Pleasures.

A long Experience had made her very perfect in her Busines; she had therefore very little need of Instruction; she went to the credulous *Venetian*, and offered herself to him, as recommended by Don *Bennet*. Her Services were gladly accepted, and from that Moment she began to exercise herself in her new Employ. The Presents which Don *Bennet* had made her, and the large Gratuities which he promised, caused her to apply immediately to give him Proof of her Zeal to serve him.

She make use of all her awkward Eloquence to persuade *Eliza*, that she could not do better than strive to revenge herself, from the cruel Treatment of her barbarous Husband; and promised her, that she would facilitate the Means. She then expatiated upon the Merit of Don *Bennet*, of whom she drew

the most advantageous Portrait. Her Discourse was persuasive; she perceived that *Eliza* was sufficiently disposed to embrace the Opportunity she had of giving *Don Bennet* the most affecting Proofs of her Acknowledgment, and to hasten the Moment of his Happiness; she asked the young Prisoner if she would consent to receive a Visit from her Protector?

Supposing I should consent to it, replied *Eliza*, it would be to no Purpose, since we can propose no Advantage from it. Believe me, Madam, replied the intriguing *Mariane*, I propose nothing to you but what may be easily expected; and, if you will be generous enough to permit it, To-morrow *Don Bennet* will have the Honour of coming here, to assure you of his tender Attachment. But do not fear, added she, that your Honour will be in any Danger. I am a Confidant of

of the Measures that he will take, and am assured of their Success. But may not I be acquainted with these Measures? resumed *Eliza*. Suffer me, Madam, to keep them a Secret, replied *Mariane*; because I would give you the Pleasure of an agreeable Surprize.

The happy Don *Bennet* was soon after informed by a Letter from his Confidant, of the favourable Dispositions of his fair Mistress. He had before taken care to provide some Rope-Ladders, and the next Day he made use of them to ascend to the Chamber of his beautiful Prisoner. *Mariane* fastened them to the Window by which he was to enter; and the grateful *Eliza*, who did not think she was married to occupy a separate Apartment from her Husband, did not think proper to oppose him. Whether she was pleased with this first Visit of Don *Bennet*, may be easily conjectured,

jected, since it was presently followed by a second.

Nothing could be more delicious than these private Interviews ; the fleeting Moments were wished to be prolonged, by these happy Lovers. As soon as Night had drawn her Veil, the amorous Don *Bennet* employ'd his Ladder, and never parted from his amiable Mistress till an Hour before Sun-rising. This tender Commerce lasted above seven Months, without any manner of Impediment. The credulous *Gualdini*, Keeper of the Keys of the Tower wherein his chaste and virtuous Wife was confined, could not suspect that any Body would undertake the charitable Task to console her every Night, for his unjust Indifference. Besides, had he not placed over her a Governess, whose Fidelity his good Friend Don *Bennet* had so much vaunted of ? And how could he think that his Friend would deceive

ceive him? This Friend too was clad in a Habit of Sanctity, and continually discoursed of heavenly Things, in the most affecting Manner. Could it then be supposed that this devout Friar would suffer any sensual Desires to lurk beneath his pious Harness?

But let us leave the *Venetian* in his Error, and proceed to shew, that notwithstanding his utmost Vigilance he knew not how to guard against the Artifices of a cunning Friar.

I have already said, that *Gualdini* had sworn never to merit the Name of Father. He did not indeed merit it, but he was however obliged to bear it; notwithstanding his scrupulous Exactness in accomplishing the Oath he had made never to make his Wife any dangerous Visits, contrary to the Engagement, the Moment approached, when he was to receive

receive all the Honours due to a real Father.

His officious Substitute was very willing to resign the Glory which was due to him alone. His Commerce with the fair *Eliza* was not unfruitful. She carried about her sufficient Proof to the contrary. But how grievous would have been her Fate, if she had become a Mother in the miserable Place of her Confinement? Therefore the tender Don *Bennet* would not suffer the Health of a Person so dear to him to be exposed to any Danger. His Love interested him in the Preservation of the Mother and Child. It was to his Relations that *Eliza* was to go to be delivered of her Burthen. He made her the Proposition; she accepted it. She escaped in the Night, with *Mariane*, by the Help of the Rope-Ladders which had been the Instruments of Don *Bennet's* Happiness.

His

His Relations received her joyfully. The Recital which she made of the Sufferings she had endured from the jealous Fury of her Husband, made them burst into Tears. But let us return to the unfortunate *Gualdini*.

How great was his Surprize, when the Domestic who had the Care of supplying the Prisoner with Provisions, came to acquaint him, that she was escaped from the Tower, with the Woman who was appointed her Guardian !

Transported with Rage, he came to discharge his Heart in the Bosom of his faithful Friend *Don Bennet*, and asked his Advice. Ah ! it is all over with me, said he, almost distracted ! I am the most unfortunate Man that ever breathed ! What's the Matter, Sir, said *Don Bennet* ? in a sympathizing Tone, What

What terrible Misfortune has happened? My Wife, cried he, my perfidious Wife! —Here Sighs cut assunder the Thread of his Discourse.

Well, resumed Don *Bennet*, be comforted, she is dead I suppose? What then? We must all die. Dead! no, replied *Gualdini*, the Traitors, by a Flight, which I could not suspect, has stolen herself from my Vengeance. I have beheld, with my own Eyes, the Ropes by which she made her Escape. Most astonishing! cried the Friar; what surprizing News is this you acquaint me with! But where do you imagine she is gone to seek an Asylum? If she should happen to be retired to her Kindred, believe me, Sir, it might be of a terrible Consequence to you!

Why, Father, said *Gualdini*, can any body blame me for the Precautions

tions I have taken to defend myself from the Outrages that might be committed upon my Honour. But have you any satisfactory Proofs of it? resumed the Friar. You have mentioned to me a Billet, which you surprised her with; but, to be plain with you, I do not think that a sufficient Evidence of her Guilt. Besides, have you been prudent enough to avoid the Hazard of becoming a Father? Yes, I can make Oath of it, replied the good Man, and I have always kept her so narrowly watch'd, that no Person can have had it in their Power to bestow that Favour upon me.

He presently found, however, that he was grossly mistaken. Donna *Eliza* reported her Case to the Judges; her Beauty interested them in her Favour. She solicited a Separation from her Husband, which she obtained; together with a considerable Annuity. But what compleated
Qual-

Gualdini's Misfortunes was, that he was declared the Father of the Child, which his Wife had been delivered of.

Nothing but an Accident of this Kind could sufficiently have corrected his jealous Humour. He afterwards was reconciled with his dear Moiety; and if he was afterwards called by the Name of Father, he neglected nothing that might entitle him to it; and it is probable he was no longer indebted to the charitable Endeavours of any pious Father.



B A S I L

BASIL and CLARA,
A N
Italian N O V E L.

A Rich Citizen of *Rome*, brought up in the Errors of a superstitious Piety, was Father of six Sons, to whom he was frequently repeating, that there was no Act of Devotion more agreeable to the divine Being, than that of going some holy Pilgrimage. The youngest of his Sons, named *Basil*, of about eighteen or twenty Years of Age, affected with the frequent Exhortations of his Father, entreated Permission to make the Voyage of St. *Jaques de Compostella.*

His

His Father commended the Design which Heaven had inspired him with; and requested him to hasten the Execution of it. *Basil*, transported with Joy that his Father was so well pleased with his Intentions, took leave of his Friends, and tore himself from the Arms of his Mother, who could not part from him without a Flood of Tears. She forced him to accept of a Purse, which she had concealed from her Husband; for his Intention was that *Basil*, during the Whole of this long Pilgrimage, should rely entirely upon Providence. We shall presently see the Benefit he reaped from this pious Voyage.

Though very little qualified to support the Fatigue of Walking, he was however determined to go on Foot. But when he arrived at St. *Sebastian*, he was seized by a violent Fever, which obliged him to
keep

keep his Bed for the space of a Month. I know not whether this Malady abated his Zeal, but it put an End to all Thoughts of proceeding on his Pilgrimage.

As soon as he had entirely recovered his Strength, he dedicated his Time wholly to Pleasure; and took particular Care not to suffer his Passions to lie idle. He was sensible that the Churches were the best Places to have recourse to, to seek for an Object worthy of his Tenderness. He was not long before he found one which captivated his Soul.

Donna *Clara*, Daughter of a celebrated Lawyer, was the young Lady he was enamoured with; but his Timorosunes made him delay for a whole Month, to make those Declarations to which his Impatience prompted him.

He

He was every Day at the Temple, close by her Side ; he permitted his Eyes to speak to her ; but the Ladies generally pretend to be ignorant of that Language. At length however, he determined to express his Sentiments in Words. *Donna Clara* was at Chapel : He approached her as usual, and placed himself by her. Numerous involuntary Sighs escaped him, which served as a Prelude to the affectionate Declaration he was about to make.

This young Beauty, happening to turn her Head, to see who it was that was making such Lamentation, the amorous *Basil* said to her, Perhaps, Madam, you will not pardon the Liberty I am about to be guilty of, but it is your Charms only that are to be blamed for it, which will not any longer permit me to conceal the Passion which you have given Birth to ?

Indeed,

Indeed, Sir, replied she, this is a Declaration which I cannot suffer myself to attend to ; and I am astonished, as I have not the Honour to be acquainted with you, that you should presume----Hold, Madam, resumed *Basil*, interrupting her ; say no more about it : Load me, I beseech you, with the Reproaches that my Presumption deserves ; but, believe me, the Declaration which I have dared to profess, is regulated by the strictest Honour. But, Sir, replied she, how often have you made this Declaration ? For I doubt not, but a Gentleman of your Gentility and Address, has already made several Conquests ?

I know not, Madam, replied he, whether the Lady to whom I should offer my Affections, would accept them : But I can assure you, that they have hitherto been preserved in the utmost Indifference. And, may

may I then, resumed she, rely upon your Word? You may indeed, Madam, said he; for it is you alone that have converted my Heart from the greatest Insensibility, to the most passionate Lover; and, I flatter myself, that you will not disdain to accept of my Addresses.

He could say no more; an Acquaintance of *Clara's* came in, and wanted to speak to her; which put an End to this first Conversation, from which *Basil* promised himself the greatest Success; for, besides his Declaration not having been rejected, he thought he perceived in her Eyes that he was not indifferent to her; he therefore hoped that he should the next Day enjoy again the Pleasure of her Company; nor was he disappointed. In the same Chapel, he had another Conversation with his new Mistress.

This

This second Interview was still more favourable than the first. Some broken Sighs, which escaped the fair *Clara*, discovered the Secrets of her Heart, and an open Confession of her Flame immediately succeeded those mute Declarations.

The amorous *Basil*, emboldened with his first Successes, had the Courage to ask of the fair *Spaniard* a nocturnal Visit. But, however inclinable she might be to comply with his Request; she thought it absolutely impossible to escape the Vigilance of her Parents. She however promised her Lover that he should have the Pleasure of her Company at an appointed Hour, and named the Place of Rendezvous.

It need not be asked, whether *Basil* was exact in going to the Place appointed; or whether, he

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was pleased with the tender Favour he received of his young Mistress. Two Months elapsed, during which Time he continued his Visits and Endeavours. Convinced of his *Clara's* Consent, he determined to solicit his Parents; he made Application to them by Letter, to which he received an Answer; but how great was his Chagrin on reading it?

Basil's Father, so far from hearkening to his Pretensions, threatened him with the severest Punishments, if he did not immediately return to *Italy*. His Passion would perhaps have detained him in *Spain*, if he could have obtained the Succours of Cash, which he was now in great want of; but his Friends, desirous of seeing him again in *Italy*, refused to send him any. He was therefore obliged to be precipitate in his Departure.

With

With what Anguish did he take leave of the amiable *Clara*? What Tears did he not shed on that sorrowful Occasion? After having sworn to her an inviolable Fidelity, he assured her that his Passion should hasten his Return. Assure yourself, said he, that you will presently see me here again; for I am convinced that my Parents will not refuse the Petition I have to prefer to them. It is impossible that their Tenderness should hold out against the repeated Attacks of my most earnest Prayers. I will swear to them that my Happiness depends wholly upon you. Can they then be so cruel, as to be deaf to my Petitions, when my Felicity is at Stake? Alas! I fear it much, replied *Clara* sighing; I am afraid that neither your Prayers, Sighs, or Tears can obtain a Victory over their Resolutions. And, oh! ye just Gods! continued she, what will become of me, if I must re-

nounce the pleasing Hopes with which I have flattered myself? For (why should I be ashamed of the Confession) such is the Excess of my tender Flame, that should you engage that Faith to another, which you have sworn to me, I could not possibly survive it. Rather let the God's shower on me the greatest of Misfortunes, cried he; let me be the most unfortunate of Men, if any Thing can make me deviate from the Vows I have made you. It is on the Foundation of those Hopes, resumed she, that I consent to your Departure; but, be assured, if you should be faithless, and forget your Promises, I would follow you, and exact a Performance of them.

The Protestations he made of an eternal Fidelity, dissipated her Fears. It was not without a Flood of Tears that she beheld her Lover depart, who flattered himself that he should quickly be permitted to hasten to where

where his Passion called him ; but he was ignorant that his Parents, had, in his Absence, provided a Wife for him.

They left no Means untried to shake his Constancy. But vain were all their Efforts : The faithful *Basil* swore, that Death alone should make him renounce the Love which he had sworn to *Clara*.

The frequent Letters which he received from her, were full of the Assurances of the most exalted Tenderness ; how then could he sacrifice an Object so worthy of his Love, to the interested Views of his Parents ?

But he did not suspect the Stratagems they were about to employ to render her odious to him. The Letters which she wrote to him were intercepted. *Basil* however, did not cease to write to her ; but

two Months passed without receiving any Answer to his Letters : At length he received one, which loaded him with the greatest of Misfortunes. The Writer of it, who was employed by his Parents, counterfeited *Clara's* Writing so extremely exact, that *Basil* did not doubt but it was written with her Hand : It was as follows.

Persist no longer, Sir, to act against the Will of your Parents. Submit to their superior Judgment ; they better know what will tend most to your Advantage. Blinded by our Passion, we have too long disregarded what our Duty exacted from us to those who had given us Being. For my own Part, I have attoned for my Fault by submitting to their Commands. I have engaged my Faith to an Husband whom they have nominated, who has shewn himself worthy of my whole Affections. If my Esteem is dear to you, Sir, do not hesitate to follow my Example : No longer

longer give your Parents cause to complain of your obstinate Resistance. In proportion as you regard the Advice I give, I shall judge whether you have still an Esteem for one who is truly zealous for your Interest. Write me no Answer, because I have given my Word to my Husband that he should have the Perusal of every Letter I should receive, and perhaps you might mention your Passion in that which you would write to me; which might probably create an Indifference in the Heart of a Person whom I esteem more than Life.

Such was the fatal Letter that was remitted to the unfortunate *Basil*: The Despair into which it plunged him was extream, and continued several Months, during which Time his Parents strove in vain to console him. He obstinately refused to accept of the Wife which they had procured for him. The heavy Melancholy to which he was reduced, made him incline to Retirement.

ment. He wanted to divorce himself entirely from the World. In vain did his Friends and Relations oppose this pious Design ; he resolved to take holy Orders, and he did so.

The Fervour with which he commenced his Noviciate did not in the least abate, till he had engaged himself to Religion, by the usual solemn Vows. But a long Repentance immediately succeeded this precipitate Engagement. His Parents had sent to the fair *Spaniard* a counterfeit Letter, informing her, that her Lover had married a rich Heiress.

This false News, which she believed to be true, threw her into such an Excess of Sorrow, that she was seized with a dangerous Illness, which confined her above a Year to her Bed. She had but just began to recover, when she received a Letter, which acquainted her that

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she had been the Dupe of her Credulity.

A young *Spanish* Gentleman, a Friend to *Basil*, was come to *Rome*, and the next Day after his Arrival, he went to *Basil's* Parents to pay him a Visit. He was there informed that *Basil* had renounced the World about a Year, and named the Convent to which he was retired. Don *Gusman* (for that was the Name of this Friend) hastened there to see him.

He conversed with *Basil*, who, notwithstanding his Retreat, continued still to nourish the dear Remembrance of his antient Mistress. He asked Don *Gusman* if he could inform him of any News concerning her; particularly desired to know if her Husband was deserving of her Tenderness; and begged some Account of him.

Gusman told him that he must certainly be mistaken ; that the beautiful *Clara* continued faithful.-- How ! interrupted *Basil*, would you make me believe such a Falshy ? A Letter which I have received from her, has convinced me of her Inconstancy, and, in that very Letter, she exhorted me to imitate her in her Perfidy.

My dear Friend, I compassionate your Case, replied the young *Spaniard* ; but you are less to be pitied than the unfortunate *Clara* ; perhaps you know not, that she, like you, has also been the Dupe of her Parents Artifice. They conveyed to her a Letter, which she imagined to be written by you, acquainting her that you had been forced to accept of a Wife that your Parents had provided for you. This alarming News threw her into a violent

Fit

Fit of Illness, from which I believe she is hardly yet recovered.

Heavens! cryed the unfortunate *Basil*, what is this you acquaint me with? Has the beautiful *Clara* then preserved the Fidelity which she has sworn to me; and must I no longer think her inconstant? But she perhaps thinks me so? I will therefore justify myself.

His Friend had no sooner left him, but he wrote a Letter to his Mistress to undeceive her, and to acquaint her with all the Tricks and Arts their Parents had put in Practice to render them both unhappy. He also informed her of the Condition of Life he was engaged in.

The Perusal of this Letter calmed (in some Measure) the Disquietudes of the fair *Spaniard*, and did not

a little contribute to hasten her Cure.

Her Strength was no sooner recovered, than without considering the Perils of a long and dangerous Voyage, she determined to tear herself from the Arms of her Parents, to go to *Rome*. She thought it necessary to disguise her Sex, and therefore assumed the Habit of a Cavalier. She concerted her Measures with so much Art, for the Execution of her Project, that her Parents had not the least Suspicion of the Flight she was preparing for. Being escaped from the paternal House, she went to *Cadiz*; embarked there and arrived at *Rome*, after having courageously resisted the Fatigues of a tiresome Voyage.

The Day of her Arrival, she enquired for the Convent wherein her dear *Basil* was confined: she was conducted thither, and beheld him in

in a Friar's Habit. Think not that I shall attempt to express the Transports of our two Lovers ; they were ready to smother each other with their Carefes : Sighs and Tears deprived them of the Power of Speech ; each of them was intoxicated with the Pleasure of seeing the other. But this sweet Delight was mingled with bitter Sorrow, when they began to reflect on the invincible Obstacles which opposed their Happiness.

It is all over with us, said *Clara* sighing, our barbarous Parents, by their cruel Artifices have succeeded in their Endeavours to deprive us of all Hopes of Felicity. It is then unnecessary that we should swear to each other an inviolable Constancy ? I must renounce for ever that dear Title of Wife, which has been the Object of all my Wishes. And why, resumed *Basil*, must we renounce the Hopes of the Union on which

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the Happiness of my Life depends? I know not, added he, what will be the Effect of the Protestations I have made; but my Passion will render me ingenious to contrive the most proper Methods to extricate myself from these Chains of Confinement with which I am laden.

Basil had perhaps better have considered of a speedy Escape, than have amused himself with considering what Measures he should have taken to obtain the Absolution of his Vows. I know not what Scruples delayed him, but the Innocence of the unfortunate *Clara* was exposed to a thousand Dangers.

The Desire of having it in her Power to enjoy continually the Presence of her dearest *Basil*, caused her to conceive a Design, of which she would have been very cautious in the Execution, if she could but have foreseen the Dangers that attended

tended it. She communicated her Project to *Basil*, who could not fail of approving it. It was, that she was to sollicit a Place in the Convent to which her Lover belonged: It was in the Quality of a young Lay-Brother that she desired to be admitted. She spake to the Superiors of the House; they enquired of her Birth, and her Country; they demanded her Motive for entering into a religious State. She told them she was a Native of *Spain*; that, in her Infancy, Death had deprived her of all her Friends; that, being left entirely to her own Conduct, her unbridled Youth had led her frequently astray, which drew on her the most fatal Consequences. In fine, she represented herself as an illustrious Unfortunate, who had too great Reason to complain of the Perfidy of the World ever to think of any Thing but an eternal Divorce from it.

These

These Words of *Clara* were attended with a Tone so affecting and persuasive, that she easily obtained the Favour she solicited.

Behold her then received in the Quality of a Novice; the Name of *Theodore* was given her, and she was clad in a Capuchin. She began with hypocritical Fervour the Exercises of her Noviciate, during which Time she was employed in the meanest Drudgery. But the Violence of her Love rendered these Trials of her Pride supportable.

She was ordered to be obedient to the Commands of the Cook, who set her about the most abject Labour; and so far was she from complaining, that she earnestly acquitted herself in all the hard Tasks which her Master set her about: But the Night repaired what the Delicacy of

of her Complection had suffered in the Fatigues of the Day.

A Cell was allotted her, adjoining to that of her dear *Bafil*; in whose Arms she forgot the Troubles of her new Condition. She was continually expressing in the most exulting Terms, how happy she was in her new way of Life, which was so made up of Felicity, that she had not hardly another Wish to form.

Thus rolled away the Time of her Noviciate, without having her Disguise suspected by any one of the Friars; so ingenious was she in counterfeit. But the Moment was not far off, when, by fatal Experience, she was to be convinced, that amongst a Company of Friars was a very improper Place for Innocence to seek an Asylum.

Brother

Brother *Theodore* (it must be remembered that I shall call this young Lady by no other Name hereafter) after the Time was elapsed which is allotted for the Probation of a Noviciate, was with one Voice unanimously admitted to the Profession. The Superiors granted her an Employ in the Infirmary of the Hospital. Her Care and Affiduity in this Employment was the principal Cause of her Misfortunes. The general Father being taken ill, ordered that Brother *Theodore* should attend him. Being continually with her, he made some Discoveries which he was determined to take the Advantage of. I know not by what Means he began to suspect her Disguise, but however he did suspect it, and was determined to satisfy his Doubts.

The Illness with which this reverend Father was seized, had not been

been very violent ; his Strength was therefore presently recovered ; but he still continued to exact the Attendance of the young *Theodore*. He even ordered a Bed to be prepared for her in his Anti-Chamber. It may easily be guessed what were the Views of this cunning Friar, who was extremely impatient to be further satisfied concerning his Attendant. It proved a fatal Discovery to the unfortunate *Theodore* ! She had repos'd herself with Tranquillity in the Arms of Sleep, when the Father General, who had something in Hand of too great Importance to suffer him to think of the Sweets of Repose, approached her Bed-side with a dark Lanthorn in his Hand.

Heavens ! what seducing Temptations were produced to his View ? His sensual Desires, like Tinder, became immediately enflamed. Hurl'd on by his brutal Passion, he did not scruple to exercise Violence to satisfy it.

it. In vain did the unfortunate *Theodore* put forth her Cries! her Sighs, Tears, and utmost Efforts could not preserve herself from the Brutality of this holy Villain.

The Pleasures which he received were so far from lessening his brutal Rage, that they served but to increase its Ardor.

Theodore was threatened with being shamefully turned out of the Convent, if she did not confess the Motives of her Disguise; she therefore declared the whole Story.

The Father General could not without Jealousy be informed of his having a Rival tenderly beloved; he therefore conceived a Scheme of sending him to another Convent; but a Doubt arose, whether *Theodore* would consent to continue there if *Basil* was sent to another Monastery. The Evil was irreparable; therefore

Theodore

Theodore determined it should remain a Secret to her *Basil*; but this was on Condition that the Father General would engage to keep what he had learned from her an entire Secret. These were the Articles agreed upon, which were by both Parties exactly performed.

Basil thought himself very happy; and how indeed could he suspect that his young Mistress was under the cruel Necessity of bestowing some of her Favours upon an odious Rival. But she is not yet arrived to the Summit of her Misfortunes.

The Father Inquisitor, and the Prior of the Convent, entertained the same Suspicions which the Father General had done, concerning which they were determined to be satisfied.

What an Addition to the Misfortunes of the miserable *Clara*! Behold

hold her then the Object of the Lust of three villainous Friars, with whose infamous Desires she was by turns obliged to comply.

This criminal Commerce, which lasted above a Year, was at last interrupted by an Accident which was in the Course of Nature. Our young Brother *Theodore* was about to become a Mother; but it was not an easy Matter to guess who was the Father of the Child with which she was pregnant. *Basil* however had the Honour of being appointed the Father; notwithstanding the Father General, the Inquisitor, and the Prior, had each of them a Right to contest that Title. But they generously affigned to the credulous *Basil* the whole Glory attending it.

Let us now return to our feigned Brother *Theodore*, who for some Months had been reported to be ill of a Dropsey; but she was pretty well

well satisfied of obtaining a speedy Cure.

It was now become necessary for her to keep her Bed for some Time; and you may depend on it all possible Care was taken of a Person so loved by her Superiors, whose Tenderness she had so dearly purchased by her Favours. But we are now pretty near arrived at the most extraordinary Part of her Adventures.

The beautiful *Clara* was so far advanced in her Pregnancy that she had but six Weeks to reckon. This was a Subject of Inquietude for her and the unfortunate *Basil*. He entreated Permission to be always present with the young Brother *Theodore*. This Favour was granted him; but he was a Stranger to the private Reasons of the Superiors for complying with his Request; and he was so happy as to be always ignorant of them.

But

But an Adventure was about to arrive, which was to secure his Happiness, and that of his young Mistress.

A Dominican Friar, named *Deltra*, of St. *Sebastian*, Uncle to the fair *Clara*, came to *Rome* to sollicit a Favour from his General. A Chamber was given him adjoining to the Infirmary, wherein was the pretended *Theodore*. Being informed he was a *Spaniard*, he thought it was his Duty to pay her a Visit, hearing she was extremely ill.

Nobody but *Basil* was in the Infirmary, attached to the Bed-side of his young Mistress, who, will speedily assume her former Name; for this *Spanish* Friar, who was come to visit her, had hardly cast his Eyes upon her, but transported with Joy, he ran and threw his Arms round her Neck.

Ah!

Ah! my dear Niece, cried he, how great is my Surprize! may I rely upon the Declaration of my Eyes? What, my unfortunate *Clara*! is it you that I behold again? Into what an Abyss of Despair have you plunged your Parents by your Flight? Tell me then the Reason of your Disguise? I cannot recover from my Astonishment! Are these the Illusions of a Dream that deceive me, or, is it real? To find you too in a Convent of our Order! Unravel to me all these Mysteries?

The Trouble with which this Friar was agitated, would not suffer any Connection in his Discourse. He waited for an Answer from his Niece; but the Confusion she was in, deprived her of the Power of uttering a single Word. Her Face was presently covered with Tears, and she could answer but with Sighs. Her Uncle, affected with

her Behaviour, could not refrain from Tears ; but how great was his Emotions encreased when the unfortunate *Basil*, weeping, threw himself at his Feet !

You behold, said he, my reverend Father, two unfortunate Victims of Love ! It was the Artifices of our cruel Parents that has given Birth to all the Misfortunes your Niece and I have laboured under. He then recited his own Adventures, and those of the fair *Spaniard*. He thought it would have been imprudent to conceal any Thing from *Clara's* Uncle, because he did not doubt but he would endeavour to alleviate their Misfortunes.

Well, replied *Deltra*, I will do my utmost to make ye happy. This very Day I will apply to the Father General, and the Father Inquisitor, in your Behalf. Dry up your Tears, Cousin, continued he, and be assured that

that a Fortnight shall not pass, before you are the Husband of your Lover.

The miserable Condition I behold you in, hinders me from venting on you the Reproaches you deserve; therefore we will let that Subject drop, and think of nothing but to eraze the Blots which you have made upon your Honour.

Oh! my dear Uncle, cried she, taking hold of one of his Hands, which she had bedewed with her Tears; I believe it is Heaven itself that has conducted you hither, to put an End to my Misfortunes. It is to you alone that I shall owe the Happiness of my Life. Every Moment of it therefore shall be employed in testifying the Sense of my Acknowledgment. *Basil* too, on his Part, returned such Thanks as were the Overflowings of a grateful Heart.

The *Spaniard* Friar said, he would intercede with the Father General, and the Father Inquisitor; he might have added the Father Prior, if he had been acquainted with the private Reasons why these three Friars ought to have consented to the Felicity of his amiable Niece. But she took Care to keep that Part of her Adventures a profound Secret: She also continued to let *Basil* remain ignorant of it, because it might perhaps have abated his Ardor, if he had known that any other Person besides himself had received Favours from the beautiful *Spaniard*.

The Motion which her Uncle made, had the desired Effect: His Niece was that Day removed privately to the House of a Tradesman, where she was brought to Bed, and *Basil* was declared the Father of the Child.

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He wanted next to obtain the Absolution of his Vows. The counterfeit Letters that I have already mentioned were produced, which alone were sufficient to display the treacherous Dealings of their Parents. At length *Basil* obtained Absolution; was permitted to strip off his Capuchin; and that very Week he was married to the fair *Clara*. They then retired to St. *Sebastian*, where *Clara's* Friends resided, obtained their Pardon, and their Blessing, and spent the Remainder of their Days in a State of uninterrupted Happiness.

MUSINOT and MANNOA.

A

French NOVEL.

A Friar of the Order of St. *Dominic*, named *Musinot*, had for many Years executed with Zeal the pious Office of a Director. *Vienne* in *Dauphine*, was the Place where he exercised his holy Ministry; under the deceitful Mask of the most extraordinary Piety, he had so firmly established a good Reputation, that there was not a Person in the whole City who had not been the Dupe of his Hippocrify.

There

There was not a Devotee but would have rejoiced to have this holy Father for a Director. He was every where reverenced as a Saint, and consulted as an Oracle. But this pious Hippocrite was not born with an Heart insensible of the Attractions of Pleasure.

A young Girl, named *Mannoa*, became his favourite Devotee. As he perfectly knew the gentle Innocence of this young Female, he was afraid to terrify her with bold Propositions at first. *Mannoa* was sensible and virtuous, and a mere Trifle would suffice to alarm her inherent Modesty. Her Director was therefore extremely careful to conceal the criminal Designs he had conceived against her Virtue. He at first contented himself with being often in her Company, and conversing with her; in which Conversations he frequently declared that for

Persons to expose themselves to Scandal was exquisitely criminal, and that a Fault committed in private carries half its Pardon along with it.

His young Devotee did not at first comprehend the Sense of this Moral; but when her Director thought he had worked her up to a proper Pitch, he did not hesitate to express himself in less obscure Terms.

He complimented her on her Beauty, and even declared to her the Impressions it had made on him. How, said he, could I defend myself from loving you? Are not you the Workmanship of the Hands of God? Those Charms which he has so profusely given you ought certainly to be admired. But you know, my dear Child, added he, that Ingratitude is a most odious Vice. Tell me, may I flatter myself

self that my Love will meet with some Return? What Return can you expect from me? replied she; you are not insensible that the Labour of my Hands is the only Provision for myself and my Mother? True, resumed the Friar. I know the Narrowness of your Circumstances, and I promise you that I will be generous and assist you; if you, in return will only promise to love me. Oh! that I will with all my Heart, replied this innocent *Agnes*, if you will but give me Instructions; for how should I that am but fourteen Years of Age, know how it is to love?

Well, well, my dear Child, resumed the pious Friar, it shall be my Business to teach you; and provided that you are but docile, I will engage that you shall make a great Progress in a very little Time: I will this very Day make you a Visit; but, tell me, is not your Mo-

ther sometimes from Home? Hardly ever, replied she; but, what does it signify whether she is, or is not; you cannot surely be unwilling that she should hearken to your Instructions; for I am well assured that your Reverence would not think of giving me any but what was very wholesome.

I hope you do not doubt it, resumed he; but I have, nevertheless, some particular Reasons why I rather choose to instruct you in private: But we will talk of that another Time. Adieu, my dear Child; if I can spare Time I will make you a Visit presently, which shall be preceded by a Present which I intend to send you.

He was as good as his Word; he caused a Purchase to be made of some Linnen and other Cloaths, which was remitted to his young Devotee the same Day. But her Mother,

Mother, who knew the Danger of receiving Presents from Friars, would not suffer her Daughter to accept of it.

The innocent *Mannoë*, who knew very little of the World, could not obey her Mother without muttering. The Present was however returned by the Bearer, to the Person who sent it. He had the Assurance to come and ask the Reason of their Refusal; *Mannoë*'s Mother made the following Reply.

My Child, holy Father, is greatly obliged to you for the Present you have had the Bounty to send her; but you know how slanderous, how censorious the World is. If *Mannoë* should appear in an Habit above her Condition, every body will be wondering how she came by it; should it be alledged that her Director gave it her; the Reply will be, Is it customary for Directors

tors to make temporal Presents to their Devotees ? And I will leave you to judge what a deal of Babbling and Tittle-tattle will ensue.

You judge right, replied the Director, and I confess you cannot be too much commended for your Disinterestedness; but I know many Persons, extremely delicate in point of Honour, who differ widely from you in their Sentiments. I do not, replied *Mannoas* Mother, endeavour to convince you, that I am in the Right; but nevertheless such is my Method of thinking; which I do insist my Daughter shall conform to.

Depend on it, replied the Friar, chagrin'd at the ill Success of his first Bait, I shall not endeavour to persuade your Daughter to act the Part of a disobedient Child.

As

As this was a Language not very agreeable to the Director, he made but a very short Visit: After some Minutes Conversation on different Subjects, he departed very dissatisfied with the Reception they had given him. But he was too expert in Affairs of Gallantry to be ignorant of other Methods proper to reduce to Practice. He had frequent Opportunities of conversing with the young *Mannoia*; and he knew very well how to make her forget the wise Lessons her Mother had taught her.

He was so well versed in the Art of Gallantry, that he found it no very difficult Matter to make her fall in the Snare which he had laid for her Innocence. And what contributed to his Success was, that her Mother departed this Life at the very Time when her Advice and Instruc-

Instructions were the most necessary.

Being her own Mistress, she was at full Liberty to act as she thought proper. Presently after she became the innocent Victim of a ravenous Wolf. After her Mother's Death, she proposed to go to Service, to wait on a Lady; but her Director dissuaded her from it, promised to hire a Chamber for her, and that he would make her frequent Visits.

Oh! he was a very religious Man, followed the Dictates of his Zeal, and over-flowing with Charity for a poor distressed Orphan, went himself to do her those tender Offices which she sometimes stood in need of.

But in a few Months Time *Mannoë* beheld herself laden with the shameful Tokens of a criminal Commerce with her Director. She acquainted

quainted him with it; but instead of seeming afflicted at it, he gave her Joy of her Conception, telling her that she ought to think herself extremely fortunate, because it would encrease his Esteem for her. He advised her however to confine herself at Home as much as she could. She followed his Advice; but if she did not make any Visits, she received some which she had very little Reason to expect.

Her Director was indiscrete enough to acquaint one of his Brethren with his Intrigue. This Brother of his wanted to partake of the fair *Mannoas* Favours; he therefore went to see her, and acquainted her that he was not a Stranger to the Happiness his Brother enjoyed in her Company. It was in vain for *Mannoas* to attempt to deny this Allegation. This cunning Friar was so well versed in the Art of Intrigue, that he presently obtained the whole Secret.

Secret. But she earnestly requested him not to destroy her Reputation : He promised her the utmost Secrecy ; but this Promise was not to be had without a valuable Consideration. She therefore thought herself obliged to comply with his Terms ; and such Compliance produced deplorable Effects.

This second Friar, whom she had obliged by Prostitution, was not contented with a single Visit ; he wanted to enjoy the same Privileges that his Brother did ; but to prevent any Quarrelling or Uneasiness, he thought proper to keep it a Secret. He therefore took particular Care to conceal the Visits he made his young Mistress ; but all his Precautions were of no Effect. The enraged Director was informed of his Devotee's Infidelity. His Anger was at first so violent, that he resolved to sacrifice her to his jealous Fury ; but afterwards his own Security inspired

spired him with a more moderate Design ; therefore, without any shew of Vengeance, he was determined to inflict a very severe Punishment on the inconstant *Mannoa* ; and he thought no Method so effectual as to abandon her to her hard Fate.

Eight Days elapsed without his condescending to pay her a single Visit, in order to make his Absence the more insupportable. This so greatly affected her, that it was not in the Power of any Person to afford her the least Consolation. He spoke to his Brother Friar, his secret Rival, and confessed to him that the Motive which engaged him to deprive himself of *Mannoa's* Company was, that she was in a Condition which would presently discover itself. In short he told him that this young Girl was greatly advanced in her Pregnancy, and would quickly become a Mother ; that he should be construed the Father of the Child, if

if he continued his assiduous Visits. The Friar, whom he thus made his Confidant, thought it necessary to follow his Brother's Example, for the very same Reasons ; by this means the miserable *Mannoë* was unfortunately abandoned to Despair ; at that very Time, when she had the greatest Occasion of Assistance, there was not a single Person about her to alleviate her Misery. Overwhelmed with the most poignant Grief, Tears gushed continually from her Eyes. At length she received a Letter from cruel *Musinot*, which added to the Horror of her Condition. The Letter was as follows.

" I would have continued to
 " shower my Benefits on you, had
 " you continued to deserve it. But
 " do not flatter yourself that my
 " Compassion shall ever interest it-
 " self again in your Favour. I can-
 " not but reproach myself for hav-
 " ing

" ing been so long the Dupe of
 " your vile Artifices. Henceforth
 " I shall take a Pleasure in your
 " Tears. Adieu, endeavour to for-
 " get me; I shall no longer think
 " of you, but as a Person highly
 " deserving my Hatred and Indig-
 " nation."

This was the barbarous Letter
 which the unfortunate *Manno*a re-
 ceived from her Director. By stri-
 king Tokens of the most sincere Re-
 pentance she strove to disarm him
 of his Anger. She wrote him se-
 veral Letters in the most tender and
 affectionate Terms; but he never
 vouchsafed to answer any of them.
 The inexorable *Musinot* continued
 obstinate in his Resentment, while
 the unfortunate *Manno*a, who had
 been the Sacrifice of his brutal Pa-
 ssion, was almost perishing, without so
 much as a single Person to lend her
 any helping Hand; and what aug-
 mented her Misfortune was, that
 she

she could not conceal the shameful Marks of her Infamy. Exasperated with the Cruelty of him who had seduced her, she wrote him the following Letter.

" It is not your Love that I desire to plead in my Behalf ; I
 " will even confess that I am unworthy of it ; and yet it is your
 " Indiscretion alone that has made me guilty of those Crimes with
 " which you reproach me ; for why did you not conceal from
 " your Friend, the Compliances
 " you had seduced me to : But, supposing me to be unworthy of
 " your Affection, at least permit me to implore your Compassion. Do
 " you forget the Proof I bear about me of your tender Passion : You
 " are not ignorant of my Condition, and therefore know how
 " much I stand in need of your Assistance. Do not refuse it me,
 " and abandon me wholly to Despair :

" spair: You are sensible that it is
 " in my Power to ruin you; do
 " not force me then to do you an
 " Injury which I am far from de-
 " signing. If you regard your own
 " Interest, you will not slight the
 " Advice which flows from my
 " Tenderhefs, but consider what
 " you must suffer from my just Re-
 " sentment, if you do not exercise
 " the Affection of a Father towards
 " the dear Infant I am about to
 " bring into the World."

Manno did not doubt but that this Letter would have a happy Success; for she knew that this Hippocrite who had seduced her, had nothing so much at Heart as the Care of his Reputation, which he preserved by external Shews of the most unexampled Piety. He was indeed intimidated with the menacing Letter, but his Fear inspired him with the most barbarous Intent. He returned an Answer to

Manno's

Mannoas Letter, full of the most convincing Marks of unaffected Tenderness.

He told her that his Anger could not defend itself against the Assurances she had given him of a sincere Repentance; that she had again found an Entrance into his Heart; and that she should presently find the Effects of it. He concluded his Letter with assuring her, that if he could find a leisure Hour in the Day, he would embrace it to come and reconcile Matters betwixt them.

He went, 'tis true, but only with Intent to ensure the Success of the inhuman Vengeance he meditated. The tender Reception of *Mannoas* was not capable of softening the Barbarity of his Heart. As soon as he entered her Chamber, she threw herself at his Feet, and bathed them with her Tears.

May I be assured, said she, that you have forgiven me, and that I have again some Share in your Affections? Alas! how have I taken to Heart the Tokens you have given me of your Indifference, which is more horrible to me than Death itself! What Tears and Sighs has it not cost me. Well, my pretty Child, replied the Traitor, ready to smother her with feigned Caresses, if my Love be dear to you, assure yourself that you have the sole Possession of my Heart; and that nothing shall ever be able to diminish the Ardor of my Passion. I confess, added he, that I alone am the Author of the Misfortunes which I have accused you of; for I did not imagine that the Person whom I made my Confidant, would become my Rival. But let us entirely forget what is past, and think of nothing now but to taste the Pleasures of

of a sincere and tender Reconciliation.

How could *Manno* defend herself from such seductive Language. Transported with Joy, she threw her Arms round the Neck of this abandoned Villain, and gave him a thousand Proofs of the most sensible Acknowledgment. He returned these Caresses in the most passionate and affecting Manner, in order to convince the unfortunate *Manno*, that all Resentment was entirely vanished. But this was the last Visit he intended to make her; he extorted a Promise from her that she would come to see him in his Chamber the next Day; and the Reason he gave to engage her to comply with his Request, was, that in her Condition his Reputation would be endangered, should he continue to visit her at Home. You need, said he, only come to Church

in

in the Dusk of the Evening; and whilst our Nuns are at the Refectory, I will conduct you to my Cell. To-morrow then I shall expect to see you at six o'Clock in the Evening; and pray take care not to weary my Impatience. He desired she would be obedient to his Desires. Adieu, my dear Child, then said he, it is with Regret that I part from you; and my only Consolation is the Assurance you have given me, that I shall presently have the Happiness of seeing you again.

Unfortunately for her, she was but too exact in performing the Promise she had made him. Blinded by her Passion, she waited with Impatience for the fatal Moment which was to effect her Ruin. The Clock struck Six; she ran with a Lover's haste to the Place of Rendezvous.

The cruel *Musinet* came to meet her; and, as he had promised, con-

K⁺ ducted

ducted her privately into his Chamber. He delayed the Execution of his barbarous Design till he thought his Brethren the Friars were in a profound Sleep. His brutal Passion however, would not suffer him to act an idle Part in the intermediate Space. Several times did he glut his bestial Lust upon the unfortunate Victim of his Cruelty. At Length the profound Silence which reigned in the Convent, acquainted him that the Moment was arrived wherein he could without Danger pursue his horrid Purpose. Under Pretence of easing himself by a natural Evacuation, he tore himself from her Arms, leaped out of the Bed, armed himself with a Poniard, and had the Barbarity to plunge it several Times in the Breast of her who had but just satiated his infamous Desires.

Such was the deplorable Fate of the unfortunate *Mannoä*. The Villain having deprived her of Life,
threw

threw her Body into the *Rhone*. By the Help of a large Quantity of Water, which he had provided for that Purpose, he washed off all the Traces of Blood which had been shed in his Chamber ; but it was not in his Power to wash off that which was imprinted on the Wall that faced the River. A few Days after this Murder was committed, two Sailors happened to see the Body of this unfortunate Girl floating upon the Surface of the Water ; they took it into their Boat, and went into the City to make their Report to the Judges, who put every Method in Practice to discover the Author of this inhuman Murder.

Musinot however thought himself very secure ; for carrying about him such an external shew of Sanctity, by which he had acquired an high Reputation in the City, he did not imagine he should be suspected. But Heaven would not suffer such

K 2 abominable

abominable Crimes to go unpunished. Some Person perceiving the Marks which the Blood had made upon the Wall, as I have before observed, the Judges were summoned to look at it, and thereupon grew very suspicious. *Musinot's* Chamber was visited, and his Bed being found bloody, he was seized and shut up in a Dungeon. It would notwithstanding have been very difficult to convict him of the Murder he had been guilty of, if *Mannoë's* last Letter had not been found among his Papers. This Letter was presented to him, at which he suddenly grew exceeding pale: He was legally examined and committed to the Prison of *Grenoble*. The Judges, after having examined the Informations lodged against him, condemned him to suffer an ignominious Death. Before his Execution, he not only confessed this last Crime he had been guilty of, but a Thousand other abominable

abominable Transactions, which one would tthink the very worst of Mankind could not possibly be guilty of. The Sentence pronounced against him was then executed, which was far inadequate to the Punishment he deserved.



The Enterprising FRIARS.

A

French NOVEL.

THE two Heroes, whose Adventures I am about to relate, were born at *Caen* in *Normandy*: A Conformity of Temper and Inclination united them in their Infancy with the strictest Ties of Friendship. They had hardly attained their eighth Year when they were sent to the College, and both of them were under the Tuition of one Master. I know not whether they made any very great Progress in their Studies; but this I am sure of, that the Occupation they afterwards

terwards followed did not require any Profundity of Learning. One of these Friends had an Uncle a Capuchin Friar, whom he often visited. The continual Elogiums which he made upon his holy Order, created in his Nephew a Desire to embrace it ; but before he acquainted his Parents with his Intent, he declared his Sentiments to his Friend ; his Friend approved of his Design, and told him, that having no great Inclination for the Pleasures of the World, he should himself be willing to enter into a religious State ; but added, he should chuse to be received into an Order less austere and rigid than that which his Friend spoke of. For, said he, you are very sensible that it is extremely difficult for Nature to comply with such a Kind of Life.

You are greatly in an Error, replied his Friend : For I suppose you imagine that the austere Appear-

ances of Sanctity which terrify you, are not accompanied with any Kind of Pleasure. You think that these holy Fathers talk of nothing but Fasting, Discipline, and Penance ; but, believe me, they are no greater Enemies to Diversion than any other People : But for your farther Satisfaction, I would have you speak to my Uncle on this Subject. Come, let us make him a Visit together, and then you will agree with me that the Capuchin Fathers enjoy an happier Lot than any other Friars of the Church of God.

This Proposal was agreed to ; the two Friends went together to see the holy Man who was to confirm them in their Vocation. His Eloquence was persuasive, and he added to his holy Order two zealous Profelytes. They earnestly requested to be clad in the Robe of St. *Francis* ; but this was a Favour not to be obtained but by a fervent Perseverance in their

their Duty ; and it was almost two Years before they were received to the Noviciate : Here it was that they acquired the Art of Diffimulation. They perceived that to insinuate themselves into the good Graces of their Superiors, it was necessary to affect Piety and Modesty. They subjected themselves to this disagreeable Constraint during the Time of their Probation, imagining that after their Noviciate, they should both be admitted into the same Convent ; but they were greatly disappointed. The Superiors did not think proper to comply with their Requests. Brother *Cherubin*, and Brother *Seraphin* were obliged to take their Leave of each other. They promised however to alleviate the Woes of Absence by an epistolary Correspondence, and they were as good as their Word.

But let us pass in Silence the
Years which passed till the Time of
K 5 their

their Re-union. Both of them having attained a sufficient Quantity of Beard to become venerable Fathers, they were sent to *Paris* to study Theology. But Pleasure engrossed a greater Part of their Time than Study.

It was an easy Matter for our two young Capuchins, who often obtained Permission to go out together, to carry on some entertaining Intrigues: But the Time at Length arrived when they were to make the most brilliant Conquests.

Their Father Guardian sent them to several Villages within three or four Leagues of *Paris*, to make a * Quest. Love, who directed their Paths, conducted them to the House of a rich Farmer, where they met with extraordinary good Fare; but they paid very dear for it at the End, for it cost them their loss of Liberty. But how could they defend

* To make a gathering for the monastery.

fend themselves against those charming Objects which were presented to their View.

They were two beautiful Parisians, whom it was impossible to behold, and not enter into Captivity; gazing at them they forgot their Hunger and Thirst. The Farmer, in vain, entreated them to sit down to Table. Love kept them hovering round these two amiable Creatures, who on the other Hand rejoiced at the Triumph their Charms had gained over the Hearts of the two Capuchin Lovers. As they were not accustomed to make a Parade of rigid Virtue, they were not offended at the precipitate Declarations that were made to them: They even answered them in such tender Terms, as to make the young Capuchins think themselves almost sure of Success. They wanted nothing then but a *Tête à Tête*. For which Purpose they applied to

the Farmer to grant them a Lodging, telling him that they were extremely fatigued ; that Night approached, and that they were afraid they should not be able to reach the next Village. The hospitable Farmer granted their Petition, and thought himself obliged to them for condescending to be under his Roof ; for he did not doubt but it was a Kind of Benediction to an House to entertain such holy Persons. We shall presently see what sanctified Creatures those were to whom they granted so favourable a Reception.

During the Time of the Repast, it was with Difficulty that they could conceal the Violence of their Passion ; and when it was ended, a Walk was proposed. They imagined that as the Farmer had been fatigued with the Labours of the Day, he would not desire to accompany them ; and this was in-

deed the Reason he alledged to excuse himself from taking a Walk with his new Visitors; but the young Girls, who had not such Excuse to make, very readily consented to join in the Company of those Reverend Fathers.

The Capuchins, and the young Females were equally impatient for for this *Tête à Tête*. And it may easily be conjectured there was no Time lost on either Side. Faith, Ladies, said Brother *Cherubin*, my Friend and I are happier than we could possibly expect; for we did not think we should have the good Fortune to find too such beautiful Angels, of whom *Venus* herself might borrow Graces. Hold, Reverend Father, replied one of the young Damsels, named *Cathaut*, do not attack our Modesty thus: I and my Companion are very sensible that our slender Perfections do not merit these high Encomiums. Indeed,

deed, resumed the same Capuchin. you are the two most charming Objects that ever presented themselves to the Eyes of Mortals ; and I doubt not but you have a thousand young Gentlemen enamoured with your Beauty. Permit us then to add to the Number of these happy Captives. Suffer us to become your humble Servants. But, Father, replied Miss *Javotte*, for that was the Name of the other young Girl, what do you mean by the Services you offer us ? To love you, with all our Hearts, replied the passionate Brother *Seraphin*, which, if you doubt it, I will give you the most convincing Proofs of. You need not do that, replied *Javotte*, we will rely upon your Word. But, resumed Brother *Seraphin*, To-morrow perhaps we shall be obliged to take our Leaves ; tell me, may we hope to have the Pleasure of your Company at *Paris*. But, replied, Miss *Cathaut*, will not the World censure us when they perceive

perceive we are visited by two Capuchins. If that is your only Objection, replied Brother *Cherubin*, it is easily removed. We will content ourselves with making you some private nocturnal Visits, which we will begin, if you please, as soon as we return to *Paris*.

This Proposition could not fail of meeting with a favourable Ear from the two young Parisians; they said they were extremely willing to accept of their tender Visits, but not without conditional Articles. It is not to be supposed that these young Females were willing to accept of Visits from which no Advantage could be reaped, and therefore wanted to be further satisfied in that Particular. It was concluded that the two Brother Capuchins should send them in Part of their Quest-Money. This Agreement being made, their next Busines was to travel to collect more Cash, to enrich

enrich their new Mistresses, who were the next Day to return to *Paris*. And they had the Cruelty to part from our holy Brothers without granting them any Favours, as they were then incapable of advancing the Price of them. They were therefore obliged to content themselves with the pleasing Expectations of an approaching Felicity; in Consideration of which, they exerted their utmost Efforts to reap a glorious Harvest.

Fifteen Days were spent in collecting about the Country, in which Time they procured a large Sum of Money. One Part of their Quest (which we may suppose not to be the largest) was intended for the Convent, and left at a Farm House; and the other Part which they reserved for their own private Pleasures, was sent to their young Mistresses, who were informed by their Presents of the Approach of their
returning Lovers,

Lovers, and to dispose themselves to gain them a favourable Reception.

Supper was hastily provided; and, Thanks to the generous Brother Questors, it was a most excellent Repast. As soon as it was dark, the Capuchins repaired with Speed where Love had summoned them. The Regale which waited for them was far less agreeable to them than the passionate Careffes they received from their fair Mistresses. They sat down to Table, and great was the Joy which animated the Repast. If what the Song says be true, that

*Des Charmes,
Sans Allarmes,
Soiant pour des Amans bouveurs:*

it was impossible to enjoy more Happiness then the pious Brothers did, and they drank like Fishes; but

but yet their Mistresses out-did them in the Rites of *Bacchus*. Intoxicated with Love and Wine, from the Table they were received into the Arms of their lovely Angels, not apprehending any dangerous Consequences. They enjoyed the Bliss which Love bestows, and then *Morpheus* compleated their Happiness. Three Days and three Nights were not sufficient to allay the amorous Transports; but it was now high Time to think of returning to their Convent; a longer Absence would have caused them to be suspected by their Superiors: Therefore, after promising their Mistresses a speedy Return, they tore themselves from their Arms and went to the Farm-House where they had left a Part of their Quest-Money.

They were very sensible that the small Collection they had made for the Convent would not procure them a very gracious Reception from

from the Father Guardian ; but satisfied with the Happiness they had enjoyed, they would every Day be willing to merit his Reproaches by the same Means. They detained some of the collected Money for their own Use. They were too well acquainted with the Disposition of their Ladies to expect any Favours gratis ; they knew they could not be had without a valuable Consideration ; and they were so passionately fond of their fair Nymphs, that they thought they could not purchase their Embraces at too dear a Rate. Their Stock of Cash was not inexhaustible, but while it lasted they set no Bounds to their Felicity. Under various Pretences they frequently obtained Permission to go out of the Convent ; sometimes they got out by Stealth ; and they never failed to devote all the Time they could to Love. But this Poverty was now about to become an Obstacle to their tender Wishes.

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They were told by their dear Charners, that their Visits would for the future be deemed impertinent and troublefome, if they did not bring a Welcome in their Pockets.

This was a terrible Blow upon them ; and what Remedy to seek they could not tell. However, each Person retired to their respective Chamber to consider what Course to take.

At the Expiration of ten Days, Brother *Cherubin* went to his Friend's Chamber to acquaint him with a Design that Love had inspired him with, which he thought would ensure them the Success of their Desires. Ah! my dear Brother, said he, our Happiness is compleat, and nothing can ever be able to interrupt it.—These are flattering Hopes you give me, replied Brother *Seraphin*, but I fear.—No, no, resumed his Friend, interrupting him, fear nothing ; hear

hear what I have to say to you, and you will be convinced that the Scheme which I have to propose to you, cannot fail of rendering us happy. Thou wouldest without doubt, added he, be glad to pass thy Days with the beautiful *Janotte*, and I should be equally so to enjoy continually the Company of the charming *Cathaut*. Well, what must we do to obtain the Possession of them? Let us escape with them into *England*: Perhaps you imagine it will not be an easy Matter to persuade them to go along with us, but in that you are mistaken. You know that if we can but dazzle their Eyes with some Hundreds of Louis D'Ors, they will not be unwilling to accompany us. Well! I have invented an infallible Method to procure that Sum: It is thus: You know that I can forge all Manner of Writing. I will then counterfeit that of the Father Guardian. I will draw a Bill, payable
to

to the Porter, which shall be directed to our Mother, the Depositary of the Money of the Convent. Tell me, do you think she would hesitate to pay such a Draft? For my Part, I do not think she would. But, resumed his Friend, consider our Monastic Harness, how shall we be able to preserve ourselves in our Flight. That Difficulty is easily answered, replied Brother *Cherubin*, is there no Cloaths to be had in *Paris*? We can set our Mistresses to Work with a few Louis D'Ors, and they will procure us some genteel Suits.

But let us not only talk but think of carrying this Project into Execution ; the Moments are dear to us, let us not trifle them away. Let us this very Day acquaint our young Females with our Design.

Our two Friars accordingly made their young Ladies a Visit, related
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the Affair to them, and requested their Assistance. The young Damsels were extremely well pleased with their Resolution; and contrived a Method to procure proper Suits of Cloaths for their Disguise, without paying for them. We have some Friends, said Miss *Cathaut*, who will furnish you with all the Cloaths you want. We will tell them we intend to disguise ourselves merely out of a Frolic, and how can they think the contrary? Ah! my charming Creature, cried the passionate Brother *Seraphin*, thou art an excellent Contriver! Well, we will depend upon your obliging us so far. Adieu, be as good as your Word, and as soon as I get the Money I will take four Places in the *Rouen* Stage.

But Miss *Cathaut* unfortunately advised a very fatal Method. To save her Lover's Gold, she determined to commit a Robbery, which

which was the Cause of their Destruction. The Cloaths which she had requested, under Pretence of disguising herself and the other young Lady, were sent them, and they were the next Day exchanged for Capuchin Robes.

Our two disguised Friars, accompanied with their young Mistresses, took an Hackney-Coach to carry them to the Inn where the *Rouen* Stage put up, with Intent to go to *Rouen*, from thence to *Diepe*, and there to embark for *England*. But a fatal Accident, which they did not dream of, disappointed them in their Projects. The Persons whose Cloaths the holy Brothers had on, went the next Day after their Departure to demand them from those who had borrowed them. They were informed that the two young Ladies, which they came to enquire after, went off the Day before with two young Gentlemen. Not very well

well satisfied with this Answer, they broke open the Door of those fair Fugitives; and how great was their Surprise, when, instead of the two Suits of Cloaths they were in Search after, they found nothing but two Capuchin Robes? Exasperated at the Tricks that had been played upon them, they went up and down the City to enquire what Road these wretched Creatures had taken. After one Hour's Search and Enquiry, they were at last informed that they went from *Paris* in the *Rouen* Stage with two young Gentlemen, whose Dress they described: This confirmed them in their Suspicions that they were two Friars who had left their Robes in the Chamber they had been visiting. They did not then hesitate what Course to take, but immediately hired a Post-Chaise, and got to *Rouen* in less then twelve Hours. They enquired where the Coach put up, and presently got sufficient Information concerning

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our young Travellers: They made them a Visit, which was doubtless a very disagreeable one: " Well, my " Reverend Fathers, said one of these " Gentlemen, you have made a very " agreeable Partie; and as to you, " Ladies, added he, you were very " welcome to bestow your own " Favours upon those Reverend " Gentlemen, but we do not ap- " prove of your presenting them " with our Habits." They were then commanded to strip; and as an Addition to their Misfortunes, they were insulted by their perfidious Mistresses.

Having no other Covering but their Shirts, they thought it most adviseable to go to Bed, which they requested they might be permitted to do. The Traitresses jeering them, asked them if they had any Commands for *Paris*, where they were going to wait for them? and indeed they did go to *Paris*, and took

took with them the Purse of their unfortunate Lovers.

As soon as the Ladies were gone, they were thus addressed by one of the young Gentlemen who came in pursuit of them: "Be not uneasy, Gentlemen, you are not to keep your Bed long. Happily there is a Convent here, and you shall presently be visited by the Father Guardian of it, who will provide for all your Wants." They had not long to wait for the Visit they were threatened with. The Father Guardian of the Convent of *Rouen*, acquainted with their Adventures, did them the Honour to come and see them; and, having given them new Robes, politely requested them to follow him. They forsook the Chastisements which were in Store for them; but how could they help themselves? They were confined in

in a dark Dungeon, where we shall leave them, laden with Chains, and obliged to expiate, by austere Fasting, and excruciating Discipline, those Crimes of which Love had made them guilty.

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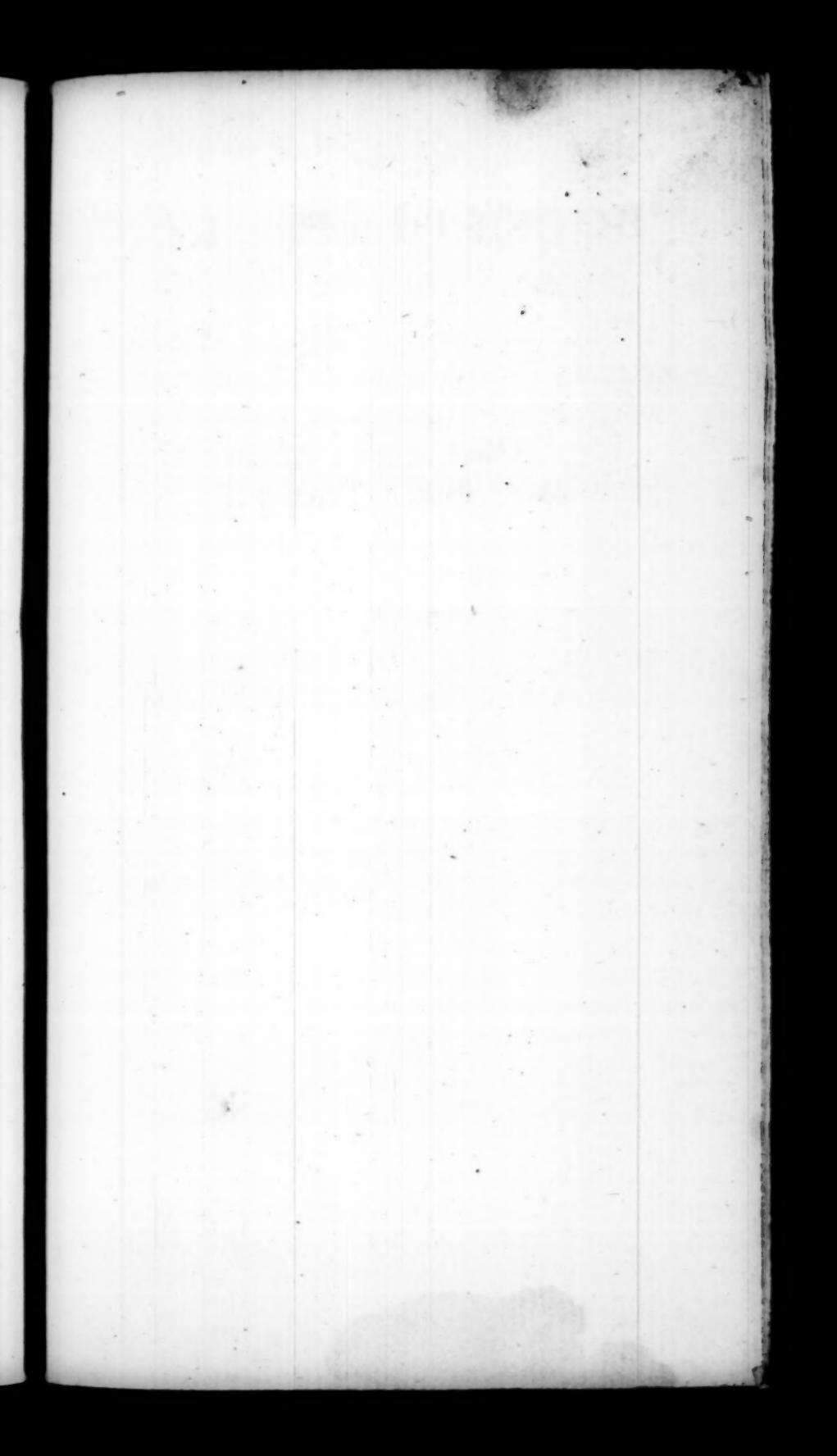
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